

THE LIVING AGE.

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A HYMN OF LOVE.

(An answer to the "Hymn of Hate")

Britannia, Mother, hear our joyous hymn,

As strong with Freedom's strength
and fearless pride,
Serene and steadfast, clean in life and limb,

By Love sustained and through Love justified,

We fight our fight for Right.
From freedom fashioned and by Freedom bound,

Servants to Right but tyrants to the Wrong,

Grant that within our hearts be ever found

That Love-born Wisdom which alone makes strong
And justifieth Might.

Put from us frothy arrogance and hate,
That evil offspring of a meagre Love;
If smite we must, then let our blows be great

With joyous laughter born in Heaven above,

Not with a Hell-spawned spite.
Britannia, Mother, at thy feet we kneel,

As Lovers give, so reckon we not the price,
Bid us to live more near the Great Ideal,

So when we die, a fitting sacrifice
Be offered unto Right.

From out the splendid annals of the past,

Triumphant swells our fathers' battle song,

The challenge that their deathless valor cast

Still lies defiant at the feet of Wrong
And shames our tardy Might.

Britannia, Mother, as they made thee great,

By lives whose greatness ever lives in thee,

So bid that we enrich thy precious freight

By lives whose greatness shall eternally
Bear witness to the Right.

In triumph merciful, in grim defeat
Content to suffer and if needs be die,
So that Humanity may one day greet
The Freedom that our blood shall sanctify,

In that we fought for Right.

Britannia, Motherland, be great in us,

So shall thy children all be great in thee,
Each guiding each to Heaven; only thus

Shall man attain God's Love-born unity,

And Right be one with Might

See the whole Empire, our great Heritage,

Far-flung by Freedom, but by Love made one,

True Archetype of the Democratic Age
Which now in blood and travail hath begun

To bear its precious fruit.

Britannia, Mother, bid our Love go forth

To every Nation and to every land,
Till, free from hate and bondage,
Mother Earth

Fulfills the Harmony which God hath planned,

But man must execute.

Ho! The Joy of it! The Victor's shout
Already throbs triumphant in our throats;

Who greatly loveth knows nor fear nor doubt,

But borne on Love's eternal pinions floats

Free as the Eagle's flight.

Britannia, Mother, hear our joyous hymn,

As strong with Freedom's strength
and fearless pride,

Serene and steadfast, clean in life and limb,

By Love sustained and through Love justified

We fight our Fight for Right.

Richard Hope, Lieut., R. N.
The Poetry Review.

THE ECONOMICS OF JAMES J. HILL.

In the railway history of the United States during the past half century three remarkable personalities stand out, dwarfing all others, Huntington, Harriman, Hill. With the passing of the last survivor, James J. Hill, a volume of transcendent interest closes. Carlyle once wrote of Cæsar, Cromwell, Bonaparte, that these three men only were capable of an "individual existence"; alone of all created men they needed no colleagues. But if we bear in mind the preparation of a vast desert portion of a vast continent by these three American Railway "Kings," and that they have in a few years made provision for the needs and have shaped the lives of probably twenty million people, while building up the wealthiest group of States in the world, the elemental greatness of these three American master-builders, which is likely to grow exceedingly on the pages of history—architects all three of their own fortunes—may compare not unworthily with Carlyle's mighty triumvirate.

The keynote to Huntington's nature was in his boundless self-confidence. While yet a mortal, he put on immortality! I once heard him outline a general plan of the railroads he had in view for his inter-mountain and Pacific coast connections. In blank amazement Sir Rivers Wilson, who was present, said, "But you will need to live full fifty years to complete such constructions as those!" Said the exarch of the Southern Pacific, already over seventy, "And I intend, Sir Rivers, to live fifty years." I was privileged to meet Huntington once or twice at Washington. His splendid head and imposing presence seemed to fill the Capitol, leaving no room for smaller men, while his contempt for

the machinery and procedure of Congress was hardly tempered by the necessity of conciliating its committees.

It would be difficult to discover a greater physical contrast for Huntington than the almost fragile organism which "cabined and confined" the meteoric genius of Edward Harriman, a man whose ambir brooked no boundaries, and who planned not "continentally" but for whole hemispheres. On Mexico and "far Cathay" Harriman had vast designs. Indeed, in view of the China trade and the great Pacific developments which he foresaw after visiting China, the last project he had under consideration before his untimely death was the acquisition of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad. I once said to Harriman apropos a certain public matter which interested us both "But I shall never live to see it." Harriman replied "Why do you say that—how old are you?" "Fifty-six," I said. "Fifty-six," he rejoined; "why, when I was your age I had done nothing!" This man who at fifty-six had "done nothing" died seven years later in control of nearly fifty thousand miles of railroad. The day after President Roosevelt, who is not infrequently the victim of his internal fires, had stigmatized Harriman as an "undesirable citizen," I met Harriman on Fifth Avenue and said "How is the 'undesirable citizen' feeling this morning?" "Fine," he said; "fine, and though I may be undesirable at the White House, have I not shaved down my railroad grades? The West will always remember me for those grades." As indeed the West will! The "shaving" of those grades and the reduction of freights resulting may well have paid off every dollar of mortgage debt for a quarter of a million farmers. It has made just the difference

between a penny per ton per mile and a halfpenny!

But tempting though the field of reminiscence, I leave those mighty protagonists for Southwestern Empire, Huntington and Harriman, to pass on to the subject of this brief memoir.

Not so many years since I was dining at a great house in Berkeley Square, and became at once immersed in the conversation of my neighbor, who had seen, even as I had, the great Northern herd of buffaloes, nearly forty years ago, and to whom the whole Northwest Pacific littoral was evidently not less familiar than his kitchen garden. But this stranger with the massive, grizzled head walked also as easily within the ways of great finance as might Mr. Morgan himself; his statistical abstractions would have satisfied Giffen, while his knowledge of agricultural technique and soil-chemistry would have delighted Sir John Lawes. Truly an amazing stranger to bump up against at a smart London dinner! At the first pause I whispered to my other neighbor "Who on earth is this?" "Oh! Jim Hill!" Such was my introduction to the "boss" of the Northwest systems. Long before dinner was over I had discovered a very great economist indeed, spoiled in a "Railway King." My mind reeled beneath the weight of a score of wonderful and novel deductions. I had learned that he was putting three-thousand-ton trains behind a single locomotive and that on a perfect, modern roadbed an ounce of coal would propel a ton of freight a mile and some fraction of a furlong. Now there happened to be near us after dinner a noble lord from the Border, one who *gaudet equis canibusque*, but for all that a wide traveler with wide-open eyes, and the introduction of such an one to Mr. Hill promised results of much psychic humor. I pulled the

old gentleman's leg dexterously; may his posterity forgive me, but I said "My friend Lord X is an authority on English railways, even as you are on American; he too is a large colliery proprietor, and a comparison of notes with yourself would interest us all." Great was the reward of my enterprise; fresh volumes of statistics were at once under examination; the comparative resiliency of metal or of timber "sleepers"; State ownership of railways or company ownership, all passed in brilliant review, my noble countryman holding up his end as one to the manner born, prompt, versatile, quite undetected. I walked Mr. Hill home afterwards to Brown's Hotel, where he was staying; on the way he said with much emphasis "Sir, it is very encouraging to observe the ability and thoroughness with which your aristocracy approaches these commercial problems."

Some years later I found myself Mr. Hill's guest on that wonderful St. John River, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. Salmon fishing was his one recreation. What a river! It is, of course, the water power, its volume and its fall, and not any virtue in the fish which makes these St. John salmon such fighters. A delightful trait in Mr. Hill's character was his domesticity. His son Mr. Louis Hill was of our party, and held the "record" for the river—twenty-six fish in a single day. His father came in early one evening with twenty-five. He had stopped at twenty-five, so his fisherman told me, for fear of upsetting "Mr. Louis' record." A Sunday intervened and, as much to my grief no fishing was permitted, we talked every sort of problem, of course for the most part those great structural economics in which our host reveled, and which I will set out in due course in this paper. But I had remarked to the railway builder that the great danger

ahead of the United States was perhaps in the uncounted millions at the disposal here and there of a single citizen. Given a malevolent possessor, what a danger to the State! He disagreed at once. He said "Unlike you in England, we here divide our property at our death equally. I have a considerable fortune," the annual income from which he set out just as simply and indifferently as though he were a finance minister computing the kingdom's revenue. "But," he said, "I have ten children; by the time his portion reaches each it will not be excessive." He followed this up with a short homily on American wealth, which he considered, in a community where all worked and none idled, carried with it probably more responsibility than enjoyment. To point the moral he concluded with this tale: A conversation between two of his engine-drivers at St. Paul was overheard; one of the men drove the engine of a fast train, winter and summer, from St. Paul into the West, the train leaving the Central Station at four in the morning. A friend of theirs, the lift-man at the Ryan House, had recently succeeded by the death of an unknown relative to a fortune of a million dollars, and the subject-matter which the two discussed was how their friend should spend his million. George, who piloted a freight train and had little imagination, said "Were it me, I should buy a nice little apple ranch at Spokane and a light buggy, a couple of cows, and hire a 'Chink' to do my cooking. But what would you do with a million, Henry?" This to the driver of the Western flyer. Said Henry, very thoughtfully, "What would I do? Well! I would hire the very same boy still to call me at the very same hour—three o'clock—and when the boy came I would throw my boots at him and say 'Oh! you can go to Hell, I don't have to get up.'"

That, said Hill, is about the value of a million dollars to one who has no real plan of life which can fit in to a million-dollar frame.

Every point which bore on freight rates whether on land or water seemed to him vital. In a speech at Kansas City in 1907 he asked how could the Republic survive if the Federal and State legislatures tied such knots in railway finance that it became impossible to provide new funds for new constructions? "With trackage, increasing at an average rate of less than 3 per cent per year, when business was pressing fiercely on the roads, and traffic growing at the rate of over 12 per cent per year for the past decade, the wonder is that the business of the country is not paralyzed." He pointed out that the average freight rate for the United States had been reduced, by more powerful engines operating on more perfect grades, to less than three fourths of a halfpenny per ton per mile, the rate in Germany being three farthings, in the United Kingdom nearly five farthings. He summed up the services of the railroads to the nation in these words: "They have cost from one fifth to one half as much per mile as the systems of other countries; the freight and passenger rates are one third to one half as much; we carry nearly double the business per mile and pay twice the rate of wages."

Sir Rivers Wilson, who had a profound admiration for Hill, once told me this very characteristic story:

We chanced to go West on the same train, and I sat with him in his private car for two hours soaking in his statistics until I was mentally prostrate. I left him for my own car, giving the excuse that I had letters to write, but really in order to sleep off the debauch. An hour later I was awakened by a knock at my door. It was Hill's Secretary with four long foolscap sheets closely packed with figures and

commencing "Dear Sir Rivers, pursuant to our recent discussion"!

But I pass on to one, and that, it seems to me, the most important phase of his economics, a phase which was at the base of his whole structure of thought. Born into the vast West at a time when it was largely desert, he had watched during a long life the relation between the settler and the land. The "only social uplift," he would say, "is the uplift of the Prairie." In creating, as he had seen the prairie create, a vast and as yet amorphous human society, he really found in this the clue to the future problems of communities such as the United States and above all the British Empire, communities which enjoy endless fertile unfilled spaces. Himself born in Canada of Canadian parents, Hill had migrated south in time to see the very cradle stages of civilization and settlement in regions now great and prosperous States—in the Dakotas and Wisconsin, in Minnesota, in Montana, Washington, and Oregon. The great problem ahead of America is her food supply. How are a hundred millions of people who must be inevitably two hundred millions before men now approaching middle age are really old—how are they to be fed? The American rate of wages is the highest in the world; their wheat consumption, now seven bushels per capita, will require in 1950 fourteen hundred million bushels of wheat. From what part of the earth's surface is America to secure about eight hundred million bushels of wheat more than she produces today? The problem of her future meat supply he considered more inscrutable still. For the decade 1897-1907 the average United States wheat product per acre was fourteen bushels only. In Great Britain it was thirty-two bushels. The famine he descried could best be relieved, he thought,

through more skilful and intensive farming, by seed selection and science, in this way to increase the yield per acre by several bushels. His conviction was that the mere market situation—the increase of white-bread eaters; the enormous shortage at hand, in conjunction with the reduction in freight rates and the improvement of railway grades, all pointed to permanent "dollar wheat"—wheat at thirty-two shillings a quarter on the farms of the Northwest. In speeches he made in 1908 at Madison in the State of Wisconsin and at Crookstown in Minnesota he appealed to the farmers by better methods to save the Republic from what threatened a dangerous social upheaval. When he was a boy, he reminded his hearers, 70 per cent of Americans lived on the farm, and 30 per cent in the city; now these proportions had been about reversed. How then were the fast multiplying city folk to be supplied? If the railroads were not worried to death by legislative restrictions they would at least do their best, but the great factor of safety was still the farmer. Hill quoted from the reports of the United States Agricultural Department which had to guide them the results on hundreds of State, or Federal, experimental farms. The cost of cultivating, harvesting, and threshing an acre of wheat land is thirty-two shillings; a fixed charge this of thirteen bushels at the then price, half-a-crown a bushel.

Ten bushels per acre, which has been a not uncommon yield in the Red River Valley in recent years, gives \$6.38, or a positive loss of \$1.51 per acre; but suppose you raise 24 bushels to the acre? Twenty-four bushels at 75 cents will give you \$18—the profit is \$10 per acre. . . . In other words, there is as much profit from one acre raising 24 bushels as from ten acres yielding 12 bushels.

A good farm of 80 acres well tilled is better than 320 acres half cropped.*

Hill pointed out to his auditors who but a few years since had taken up a free homestead (160 acres) on the unbroken prairie, which cost them nothing but a two-dollar registration fee, that this land was even now changing hands at from 15*l.* to 20*l.* per acre. What, he asked, was the capital value of an acre which produced twenty-four bushels of "dollar wheat" at a cost of eight dollars? If the *profit* was, one year with another, sixteen dollars he capitalized the land at ten years' purchase on the profit and thus as salable for 160 dollars an acre (32*l.*). This view, advanced in a score of speeches by one who had seen two generations of men pass by in splendid procession to prosperity, goes very far to establish the Hill maxim that the only social uplift is from the prairie.

The world's new economics, Hill once said, will have relation not so much to the high cost of living as to "the cost of high living." No community is going to be turned away without fighting and dying from a standard of living which has crystallized into habit. The mighty beast Demos we must feed not worse but always better, and how is it to be done? We must search the prairie for the answer to that question. This brought him to consider the whole theory of value. What is the unit of value? An acre of prairie land. But what sort of prairie land? Good land. But what do you mean by "good"? What is your valuator? The bushel basket, he would say. Eight-bushel land has no economic value; twelve-bushel land has value, but twenty-four bushel land—"now, sir, you're talking"! The communities with the twenty-four bushel lands in vast area, the United States, Canada, Russia, far Australia, these are they who, like the saints,

*Crookstown, Sept. 17, 1908.

"shall inherit the earth." But what more is needed to declare and to compare value? Propinquity to market! Thus he worked it out that his twenty-four-bushel land to be worth 32*l.* an acre must be within a freight distance of 36 cents a bushel from its consuming market, say Liverpool. To put a ton of wheat from twenty-four-bushel land into Liverpool at a freight rate of fifty shillings, it was that which established a value of 32*l.*, which value again would be increased by every mechanical improvement in engines, or in fuel combustion, in better railway grades, or cheap water links. If he could be induced to believe, and he could not be, that wheat in Liverpool would ever again settle down for a long period at a lower price than five shillings a bushel (40*s.* per quarter), Hill was still quite clear that "twenty-four-bushel land" would for meat raising and the general purposes of mixed farming maintain its value. Land is stationary, population and its pressure on space is increasing prodigiously; because of the cost of high living, high food prices have come to stay. Such was Hill's extremely simple theory of values. It will be interesting to see whether his confident forecast is established by the history of the next half-century. The new Canadian prairie, probably more fertile than Dakota and certainly the recipient of more solar heat, will best test the Hill theory of land values.

The last time I met Hill was at Washington in 1914, when I had breakfast with him at the Shoreham. A short digression is necessary. In the Presidential campaign of 1896 in the month of August, Hill had met Mark Hanna, the manager of the McKinley campaign, and at a time when it seemed probable that Bryan and "Free Silver" would sweep the country. Hanna himself was much discouraged. Several years after 1896

Hanna had told me this interesting story. He said to Hill "You have to reckon with the probable election of Bryan. This is the most expensive campaign ever fought, and by far the most important since the War, and yet our campaign fund is the smallest in years." Hill at once gave him his personal guarantee for five millions and he said "Should you need more look in on me at St. Paul." I had more than once talked this episode over with Hill. He of all men was painfully alive to the importance of the silver problem. He had great steamships to the Orient running from Portland and Seattle in connection with his Pacific Coast railways and he knew that because of "cheap silver" these ships could get no freights. With exchange down some 60 per cent, exports to Asia had about dried up. "Why then," I said, "did you more than any other man assist to kill 'silver'?" His reply was that the Silver movement of 1896 was in the hands of men almost wholly ignorant of the question as a problem of exchange with Asia; that it was with Bryan merely the old Ben Butler "green-back" craze revived. Hill's belief was that if Bryan reached the White House with his "crowd" in attendance great disasters would result from their handling of an issue so extremely delicate and complicated as the nation's currency. It is proper to add that from the host of the "Silver cranks" Hill was always careful to except Senators Jones of Nevada and Teller. Such being Hill's silver record, he rose very freely to the story I told him near twenty years later at breakfast at the Shoreham. I must explain that some of us were at that time in the United States on Lord Weardale's mission to celebrate the Ghent Peace centenary. The Pilgrims Association had given our Commission a vast banquet in New York, Mr. Joseph Choate

in the chair. Bryan, Secretary of State, had come up from Washington to make a welcoming speech. Holding radical views on temperance, he, it was said, regaled his guests at Washington with "unfermented grape juice," whatever that may be! There was much good-natured chaff in the Press about this. Now Mr. Choate confided to me before dinner that his own speech would convey, under cover of an epitaph he had discovered, a friendly warning to Bryan as to the perils of these criticised concoctions:

Here lie the bones of Eliza Crowder,
Who died while taking a seidlitz powder.

Now Eliza has gone to her heavenly rest

For she couldn't wait till it effervesced.

Mr. Choate, however, much to my sorrow, either relented or forgot his lines and the Crowder gem appears now in print for the first time. Hill laughed heartily over the lines and said the epitaph should be engraved on Bryan's tombstone, for he said "It sets out exactly the grounds of my opposition to him in '96. 'Silver'—the great problem of our exchanges with Asia is a vast philosophic issue, but Bryan 'would not wait till it effervesced.' Look at two more great and noble causes which he champions and yet drags down—Peace and Temperance. Yesterday he told your Commission there would be no war while he was at the State Department—an invitation to other nations to take liberties here. The same with Temperance through his strange and nasty beverages; Bryan is indeed the Eliza Crowder of our politics!"

The melancholy epitaph of Eliza recalls another epitaph I encountered in Washington and which should by no means be lost to the chronology of our time. In the early summer of 1900 I was staying in Washington with Edward Wolcott, the Senator

from Colorado. That Senator, a Republican in politics, and representing the leading silver State, had refused in 1896 to join the secessionists from his party, albeit his decision seemed certain to retire him from public life. By 1900 the sacred fires of the silver enthusiasts having damped down, there were two distinguished English ladies from Ottawa at Washington, and Wolcott took us all to the White House to see President McKinley. The call of his fate was near, and it was the last time, had I known it, I was destined to see McKinley. We found the President in the highest spirits, but indeed it was not easy to be serious with visitors who were accompanied by the Colorado Senator, and McKinley contrived to sum up for us the situation of the currency conflict as he saw it, and in a very delightful way. There was at the time before the Senate some little ridiculous measure emanating from Democratic quarters and "squinting" in the direction of silver. The Republicans, under the leadership of Aldrich, Allison and Lodge, were to vote its rejection. But McKinley, who with all other good men entertained for Wolcott the affection due to one who had endeavored to hold the State of Colorado in 1896 with hardly a corporal's guard of supporters—McKinley wished Wolcott to vote for this trumpety measure because to do so would secure for him a response, however faint, in his own State. The President said "Senator, you and I and your friend Mr. Frewen have all in our time been attracted by the glitter of this brilliant comet. But it will not return—you may be sure—to plague the politics of our time, therefore don't fail to vote for the little silver *solatium* which will be conveyed to your home State in this Senate Resolution. Your relations with your good State over silver recall to me the epitaph which my

predecessor Lincoln discovered on a tombstone in Maine:

Here lies the body of my dear wife,
Tears cannot bring her back to life,
Therefore I weep.

Wolcott laughed, and said "All right Mr. President, but I wish I dared to quote your lines to explain my vote in the Senate tomorrow!"

And the President was right; of the three of us he and also the Colorado Senator had indeed bidden a fond farewell to the politics of "this brilliant comet." Crowds and shouting had encompassed its demise. And yet no question is ever settled, as Mr. Blaine once said, "until it is settled right."

Hill's matured view on silver was shortly and admirably set out nine years later, in a cabled interview to *The Times* after the great collapse in the price of the white metal in 1909:

The silver problem is full of difficulty, and I wish it were possible to ignore it. Our consuls in Asia warn us, however, that at the present rate of silver exchange Asia has ceased to import American wheat, lumber or flour, and that the Shanghai merchant who eighteen months since bought a sovereign, or five gold dollars with 5 taels, must now pay nearly 8 taels. The result is disaster. He no longer buys.

The next year Hill writes as follows to his friend Lord Grey, then Governor-General of Canada:

St. Paul, Jan. 17th, 1910.

My Dear Lord Grey,—Your letter expresses forcibly and accurately the practical effect of the fall in exchange with the Orient, and not only upon Oriental trade with the rest of the world, but upon domestic industrial conditions in those other countries as well. I have expressed very briefly my opinion of the importance of this matter in an article on Oriental Trade, published in the January number of *The World's Work*, a copy of which I take pleasure in sending you herewith.

In addition to my own views, I have quoted from a letter from Mr. F., who has covered the subject exhaustively in a number of articles published within the last few years. Whatever one may think of Mr. F.'s general theory of monetary standards, his discussion of the fall in exchange and its economic consequence is quite valuable, being matter of fact and not theory at all.

It seems to me that such facts as those you cite—facts which are now becoming familiar in the experience of every country and are affecting profoundly and permanently industrial conditions throughout the world, do call, as you say, for "a good deal of scientific thinking." Nor will it be easy to discover and agree upon the remedy. The adjustment to each other of two civilizations differing not only in monetary standards and in tariffs, but in wages, hours of labor, standards of living, in industrial methods, and in almost every physical and mental peculiarity which separate one race from another, must be at best a slow and difficult process. Nor will it be accomplished except at considerable cost to us.

It appears certain that as long as the workers of the Orient are content to accept silver at par for their low wage, while their merchants and manufacturers can sell their products in our markets for gold, and turn that gold into silver at a depreciating rate of exchange, not only must our exports to the Orient decline, but, as I have said in the article referred to, it will presently become a question whether our markets in the outer world can be saved from a competition stimulated by exchange conditions which we are powerless to control.

Thus undoubtedly your subject needs as much attention as is being bestowed upon the general rise of prices with which it is connected. It is not understood nor even mentioned in the discussions of our time. But it will presently force itself unpleasantly upon the notice of this and other countries not only in our changing

trade balances with the Orient, but in the appearance in our home markets of a competition with which we are unprepared to deal. The adoption of prohibitive tariffs against the Orient, which again may involve retaliation and the destruction of that trade—the reduction of standards of living and of wages in other countries until the difference between these and those of the Orient shall cover only the difference in comparative efficiency of labor, and some form of agreement upon monetary standards and ratios that will equalize exchange once more—these are some of the remedial measures which suggest themselves. The matter is becoming sufficiently urgent to call for earnest consideration.

Faithfully yours,

Jas. J. Hill.

In 1907, before the great fall in exchange, Hill had declared that he hoped presently to put a barrel of flour into the cottage of every Chinaman, the export of American flour, as well as of wheat and lumber, with exchange at five taels for five dollars, being at the time both large and expanding. Two years later, with exchange at eight taels for five dollars, the export of American wheat to China was dead. Hill learned his economics not in books merely, but in the returns of his trains and ships.

Of the passing of Hill his friend Mr. Clarence Barron wrote:

Today should be invested for all the Northwest with a freshly added flavor of sorrowful but grateful remembrance of the dead. A veteran soldier, a field marshal, is gone. His campaigns were not those of war, but of peace, not of destruction, but construction; yet James J. Hill was a fighter always—against the wilderness, against waste, against scepticism. And he was a strategist in terms of many millions of dollars, of empire areas, and also in the closest refinements of a railroad cost sheet.

The breadth of the man—a native giant in mind as well as in muscle—

was demonstrated in this dual capacity of appreciation and action, the extensive and the intensive, with the second so quickly following the first. Other minds might have dreamed the conquest of the wilderness; but few would so effectually have kept filling in the outlines. And it is to this second trait that the Northwest owes him a doubled debt. He hastened its intensification, just as he had pioneered its opening.

With a big mind went also a lion heart, that never could contemplate either surrender or compromise. Hence, since "two stars keep not their motion in one sphere," the inevitableness of the clash with Harriman over the fate of the Burlington. The only adversary that Hill could not down was the shackling influence of restrictive legislation. The narrowness of that put a quietus upon at least two of his largest conceptions—the full scope of northwestern railroad development through the Northern Securities Co., and the ambition to link up northwestern railroads with the Orient through the medium of magnificent marine carriers.

A passage in Frederic List's preface to his great work, which was destined, though after his death, to revolutionize the economic thought of Germany, turns a searchlight too on Hill's economics and where and how Hill attained to wisdom, not in any armchair, but in the great school of life and of things. List writes:

I traveled through Austria, North Germany, Hungary, Switzerland, France, and England, everywhere seeking instruction from observation of the actual condition of those countries, as well as from written works. When afterwards I visited the United States I cast aside all books; they would only have tended to mislead me. The best work on political economy which one can read in that modern land is actual life. There one may see wildernesses grow into rich and mighty States, and

progress which requires centuries in Europe goes on there before one's eyes—viz., that from the condition of the mere hunter to the rearing of cattle; from that to agriculture; from the latter to manufactures and commerce. There one may see how rents increase by degrees from nothing to important revenues. There the simple peasant knows practically far better than the most acute savants of the Old World how agriculture and rents can be improved; he endeavors to attract *manufacturers and artificers* to his vicinity. Nowhere so well as there can one learn the importance of means of transport, and their effect on the mental and material life of the people. That book of actual life I have earnestly and diligently studied, and compared with the results of my previous studies, experience, and reflections. And the result has been the propounding of a system which, however defective it may as yet appear, is not founded on bottomless cosmopolitanism, but on the nature of things, on the lessons of history, and on the requirements of the nations. It offers the means of placing theory in accord with practice, and makes political economy comprehensible by every educated mind, by which before, owing to its scholastic bombast, its contradictions, and its utterly false terminology, the sound sense of mankind has been bewildered.

I would indicate as the distinguishing characteristic of my system, NATIONALITY. On the nature of *nationality* as the intermediate interest between those of individualism and of entire humanity my whole structure is based.

And read once more and today List's wonderful ode to the ocean, which in the boding vision of its concluding line seems destined to be no ode, but a threnody of sadness, a very "Pentecost of Calamity" for every German everywhere.

The Sea is the High Street of the Earth. The Sea is the parade-ground

of the Nations. The Sea is the arena for the display of the strength and enterprise of all the nations of the Earth, and is the cradle of their freedom. The Sea is, so to say, the rich village common on which all the economic peoples of the world may turn their herds to grass. The man who has no share in the Sea is thereby excluded from a share in the good things and honors of the world. *He is the step-child of our dear Lord God.*

Whether indeed Hill had ever read List I do not know. But their minds enjoyed much the same polarity. Hill's mind was the more pragmatist, but List's the more analytical. Hill would have used, had Congress permitted him, vast but *corporate* wealth indefinitely to enrich and organize the trans-Mississippi area. List, on the other hand, did, through *State* agency—through a Zollverein, State railways, a State bank, and credit institutions which had the State behind them, project a system of political finance which, a little later accepted by Bismarck, has enabled a country of poor resources to create, and in a very few years, wealth after a fashion and with a velocity the world has never before known. And yet during the last thirty years Germany has merely experimented with the financial alchemies of Frederic List, and the experiments—the boundless success of these experiments—appear to have utterly deprived Germans of not their judgment merely, but of their reason. "When Germans think," said Madame de Staël, "they go mad." And, lest Madame de Staël should be accused of an exaggeration, let me put on record a statement made in July last by Professor von Stengel, who is vouched for by Doctor E. J. Dillon as "Germany's most eminent authority in international law, and a close friend of the Kaiser." The Professor, in what can best be described as sheer

psychopathic elation, breaks out as follows:

The German Peace will be in a World-State where the Teuton race will maintain order by force. Then the one condition of prosperous existence especially for the neutrals is submission to our supreme direction. Under our over-lordship all International Law will have become superfluous, for we ourselves and instinctively give to each one his right.

Bagehot once declared of the House of Commons "the House is wiser than its members," and it has remained for us in this twentieth century to discover a Germany which is far worse than Germans. But had Germany won, and had she out of this War gained Africa or South America or China, vast areas at prairie values and large enough for the application of List's prodigious objectives, and had she backed List's theories of finance, as was her avowed intention, by native labor worked under the lash of her soldiery, it is likely that the next generation would have witnessed an enthronement of wealth and a victory of sheer materialism. For Germans, and not wholesome Americans, would then have found themselves in the position of Hill's two engine-drivers; the only outlet for their worthless wealth some "Sadisme Allemande" they might exultantly discover.

There remains for our empire and for the men who have conducted themselves with chivalry and restraint in all the phases of this War to build afterwards soberly and securely on the Hill foundations, recognizing with Hill that the "only social uplift" is in the wholesome, vigorous, and moral atmosphere of the prairie.* "Popula-

*The wonderful fertility of the new Canadian Northwest had not really broken on Hill's vision. Had he lived, he might have radically changed his view as to the future sources of the food supply of the United States. The official circular issued weekly

tion," Hill once said to Lord Grey, "Population without the Prairie, it is a mob; the Prairie without Population, it is a desert." But the financing of so considerable a portion of our globe can only be efficiently undertaken through the agency of the State. The financing of such a prairie civilization as this, List teaches—a teaching which has quadrupled in a very few years the wealth and power of Germany—can only be through such State credit institutions as are not merely novel, but are utterly opposed to our economics. We find no clue in these economics to the problem, namely, how shall we finance the settler on our five hundred million waste and virgin acres? That is the real problem of the prairie, and it can only be solved through State agencies—a State bank, State railways, State-aided co-operative societies such as the Germany of yesterday organized, inspired thereto by the teaching of Frederic List.

Already our dawn is breaking. On the 22d of August there was a small gathering in the City of London to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the Commonwealth Bank of Australia

The Nineteenth Century and After.

and to present Mr. Andrew Fisher, now High Commissioner in London, but four years ago Prime Minister of Australia, with a gold key. Mr. Fisher had this to say and to a strangely perplexed audience, be sure, about the "First State Bank of the British Empire." Mr. Fisher said of the institution he had created "It was not at first received with loud applause; it was not launched with national enthusiasm. I had to lend Mr. Denison Miller (the Governor) two sums of 5000*l.* to get it started." But the Commonwealth Bank, with this humble and unobtrusive genesis, has in four years of its existence accumulated thirty-two millions sterling of assets; the profits—the profits on ten thousand pounds of borrowed money—accumulate and form "a trust fund for the whole of the people, and the profits of the bank go in liquidation of the indebtedness of the country."

The ghost of Frederic List, jailed by his king for his unorthodox economics, was, we may be sure, present at that historic little gathering in New Broad Street on the 22d of August 1916.

Moreton Frewen.

WITH THE ANZACS IN LONDON.

I.

Last July the Anzac department of the Y. M. C. A. created a corps of guides in the interest of the thousands of Australians and New Zealanders—non-commissioned officers and privates—who are wont to stay on short leave

at the Y. M. C. A. soldiers' clubs or "huts" scattered over the west and center of London. I accepted an invitation to join the corps for a time, and almost every day during three weeks of my early autumn vacation I attended in a piloting capacity either at the central Y. M. C. A. building in Tottenham Court Road or at the "hut" in Grosvenor Gardens or at the new Shakespeare "hut" in Gower Street. Parties of men numbering from half a dozen to twenty-five were placed in my charge, and I conducted them

from the office of the Canadian High Commissioner reports (October 13) the wheat yield in Alberta this year: In Southern Alberta from 30 to 45 bushels per acre, and 20 to 30 for Central and Northern Alberta. The report proceeds to state that Mr. C. S. Noble, of Claresholm, Alberta, has a 1000-acre field of wheat which has produced this harvest an average of 52 bushels per acre graded No. 1 Manitoba hard.

on morning or afternoon tours through the City or Westminster or even farther afield. The Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery, the Royal United Service Institution, Middle Temple Hall, the Temple Church, the Law Courts, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, the Tower of London, and Hampton Court Palace all came many times within my line of route. Westminster Cathedral, the Natural History Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Charterhouse were rarer objectives. The guide was the only civilian who was allowed to join the parties, and the scheme provided that each man should defray his own expenses. These rarely went beyond the fares of train or omnibus, for men in uniform were as a rule excused the normal admission fees to public buildings.

The majority of my protégés were Australians, but some New Zealanders, Canadians, and South Africans, and a few British sailors as well as soldiers frequently joined us. One day my companions included an Englishman of mature years, who had emigrated to Chile as a child with his parents, and at the outbreak of war had hurried home from a horse ranch near Montevideo to enlist in a Lancashire regiment. My Australian charges chiefly belonged to battalions or reinforcements newly arrived in England. Their first taste of the firing line was yet to come. They had just begun a final training in camps of the English countryside.

My conducted parties were usually leavened by a few overseas soldiers who had served and been wounded in Gallipoli, Egypt, or France. Such men were spending in London a fortnight's furlough after discharge from a convalescent hospital and before the announcement of the medical board's decision as to their service in the immediate future. But as a rule, the men

in my charge reached London a few days after disembarking at Plymouth or Devonport from the crowded transports in which seven weeks had been spent on a tedious voyage from Melbourne or Sydney round the Cape. A smaller crowd had broken the journey between this country and Australia with a preliminary training of several months' duration on the Egyptian desert near the Suez canal, at Tel-el-Kebir or Ismailia. The Australians' "disembarkation leave" was limited to four days. Each week two contingents arrived in London from the country camp on this adventurous errand, one staying from Friday morning till Monday night and the other from Monday morning till Thursday night. The Canadians' "disembarkation" furlough usually lasted two days longer.

There was no opportunity of grouping according to education or predilections those who invited my guidance each morning. I accepted all as they came—clerks, schoolmasters, shop-assistants, mechanics of many kinds, farm hands, miners, and "larrikins." Several Canadians who joined me were born and brought up on English or Scottish soil. They had become colonists by their own adult choice and were not altogether ignorant of London. Nearly all my Australian companions were on the other hand colonial born and bred, and were complete strangers to our city. They had rarely formed clear conceptions of its distinguishing features. They were as a rule grandsons of early settlers; their parents and kinsfolk had never visited the old country and had often lost all personal touch with it. Differences in temperament, training, experience and intellectual aptitude led to wide variations in the impressions produced by our explorations. I here set down a few scattered notes of my three weeks' work. My opportunities of intercourse

were too limited to justify me in any generalization regarding the cultivation or intelligence of any of our Dominions as a whole. But I may fairly preface these observations with a tribute to the cheery spirit of good comradeship which marked all the men's relations with myself.

II.

It will cause Londoners no surprise to learn that Hampton Court Palace furnished the most exhilarating and, in some ways, the most illuminating of my experiences as guide. Many of the scenes which there first met the visitors' eyes were already more or less familiar in picture or photograph, and the first sight of the solid reality excited the sort of joyous thrill which comes of seeing a familiar image suddenly take life. Each new vista of Hampton Court proved more cheering than the last. Every word of explanation was listened to with close attention, and occasionally notes were made of the spoken words. Some of the company had previously reproached London with a lack of "scenery." Now they reveled in the beauty of landscape and river. The varied green tints proved strangely welcome to men whose eyes had been accustomed to long stretches of brown and yellow pasturage. At every turn some unexpected novelty kept their sense of wonder alive. Very few members of one party—straight from Victoria—had seen a river lock, and they watched with infinite curiosity the opening and closing of the lock gates of Molesey beside Hampton Court Bridge. It was less surprising that they should find boisterous amusement in the maze in the Palace grounds. On one visit an Australian sergeant, who was helping me to keep together the party, which reached the large total of twenty-six, deemed it out of keeping with his dignity to join the men in threading the

labyrinth and remained with me outside. But the self-respecting sergeant loved a jest, and while the men were noisily struggling with the maze's intricacies he suddenly blew his whistle—a signal for them to form line. At the familiar sound there was a wild and impetuous rush through the dense hedges. A second blast of the whistle happily averted any irreparable damage.

It was always in high spirits that we parted with Hampton Court. On two of our visits there Viscountess Wolseley, widow of Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, most hospitably acted as cicerone and entertained the men to tea at her house in the Palace. Lady Wolseley's farewell gift of a photograph portrait of the late Field-Marshal was immensely prized. It was very characteristic that there should be a general desire to dispatch the souvenir to Australia by post without delay. One man suggested that it would be wise to *register* so valuable a trophy, but his companions deprecated that precaution, on the ingenuous ground that registration would call the postman's special attention to the value of the package, and tempt him to purloin it. Unfortunately my companions shared all soldiers' familiarity with the habit of "pinching" which seems ineradicable among unsifted crowds of men.

I usually sought to prolong the pleasure which Hampton Court furnished by making the first stage of the return journey through Richmond. Richmond Hill and Richmond Park well rounded off the glories of the day. The view from Richmond Hill always spelled enchantment to which the neighboring Richmond Park lent an added rapturè. I heard one Anzac soldier, when he caught a glimpse of the Scottish camp in the Park, shout with radiant eyes, "No more Australia for me; let me join an English regiment!"

He envied the Scots their life in such a paradise.

A naval officer, on learning how I was spending my vacation, wrote to me from the North Sea:

It struck me that it would not be a bad idea if all troops were taken to see some such places as Hampton Court the day before they left England for the front. It might even give a final touch of inspiration to their going, and add a pound or two of weight to their bayonet work.

My experiences of the Hampton Court excursion, with its Richmond supplement, lent graphic point to the naval officer's words.

The Houses of Parliament likewise stand very high among London's attractions for the overseas soldier. He may know little about our politics or politicians, but he is usually anxious to see the Commons in session, and to get a first-hand glimpse, at the source, of forms and ceremonies which have won a worldwide currency. An invitation from a Member of Parliament to take tea on the Terrace was always accepted with alacrity, and evoked glowing expressions of gratitude.

III.

It was not, however, in all cases that proffers of hospitable entertainment elicited any very articulate warmth. The Australian cherishes a scant respect for persons and is innocent of all the conventional hypocrisies of compliment. He is unmoved by official or social rank, and declines to interest himself in hereditary pretension. The House of Lords, despite its brilliant ante-chambers and red upholstery, suggested to many the defect of obsolescence. The offer of private hospitality in their own houses by men and women of wealth and high station rarely made much appeal to a miscellaneous assembly of furlough-men. A gracious invitation to Buckingham

Palace to inspect the Royal Stables was once abruptly rejected on the plea of familiarity with a superior breed of horses "at home." One could never be certain how an offer of hospitality, whatever its attraction in normal social conditions, would be received by a chance overseas group, and there was no guarantee if an engagement of the kind were made that it would be kept. On the way to the rendezvous, a plighted guest might fall in with a comrade who would successfully urge a change of program, although nothing more distracting than a lounge at the next street-corner would be substituted. A strong sense of independence, coupled with a certain shyness, and ignorance of social habit, explains much apparent callousness.

There was no lack of curiosity about a few prominent persons whose social advances the men were quite capable of rebuffing. Eagerness to set eyes on the King from a respectful distance was universal. A first glimpse of Buckingham Palace invariably elicited an inquiry as to when the King would come out, and there was a general wish to wait for his appearance. At St. Paul's Cathedral I was often asked where the King sat on Sundays, and when I remarked that the Cathedral was not the customary place of Royal worship, I was invited to account for the seeming anomaly. One Victorian sheep-farmer, whom I met immediately on his arrival, declared that he was off to Windsor by water to glance at the castle, which in his topographical innocence he imagined could be reached in a few minutes by way of the river Thames. The residences in Downing Street of the Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd George always roused profound interest, though their modest appearance and dimensions provoked only scornful criticism.

The men's thoughts easily turned homewards. The new scenes were

often valued less for their historic association or intrinsic importance than for their suggestion of something familiar in their native country. The mention of a British statesman was usually capped by a reference to an Australian one, usually to Mr. Hughes, the Commonwealth Premier, or to Mr. Andrew Fisher or to Sir George Reid. Very frequent were the avowals of pride in the enthusiastic welcome which had been accorded Mr. Hughes on his visit to Great Britain. One morning my companions caught sight of Mr. Hughes's portrait crudely drawn on the pavement of the Thames Embankment, and with characteristic lavishness they showered coins into the hat of the fortunate artist.

The habit of comparing the unfamiliar with the familiar occasioned some unexpected comments. Men from Sydney looked on Hyde Park with a friendly eye, because, as they pointed out, an open space in their own city bore the like name. Holman Hunt's picture of "The Light of the World," in St. Paul's Cathedral, was always greeted with a marked display of warmth, on the ground that the canvas had been seen already in the course of its recent tour on exhibition through the great cities of the Empire. The crooked, narrow streets of London were not regarded with favor; they were held to contrast to their disadvantage with the broad and regular thoroughfares of Melbourne.

IV.

It was clear that much of our political history, whether ancient or modern, was a dark mystery. A violent exploit of a suffragette was mentioned as we passed through Westminster Hall. All the men knew something of the suffragettes' recent activities, but one made it a boast that the Commonwealth of Australia was free of such unquiet spirits. I pointed out

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that women's suffrage was accepted by the Australian Constitution, and that therefore suffragettes could hardly be expected to disturb the peace of the Antipodes. The man was hardly convinced even when a comrade came to my aid with a sound definition of the militant women's aim.

One morning I pointed out in Westminster Hall the brass plate which commemorates the spot on which Charles I stood to receive sentence of death at his trial. A little later I led the men up Whitehall and called their attention to the Banqueting House (now the Royal United Service Institution) from the middle window of which the king had stepped on to the scaffold set up in the roadway beneath. It was rather disconcerting to be interrupted in a brief description *in situ* of Charles I's execution by the perfectly well intentioned query, "What was he beheaded for?" I had rashly presumed a knowledge of the answer to that question.

The monuments in Westminster Abbey tested historical knowledge somewhat severely. To many, the names of the great men whose statues and grave-stones are to be found there conveyed little. Their eminence was taken for granted, but the grounds of their fame were yet to be learned. The splendid bronze-recumbent figure of the late Lord Salisbury evoked no sign of recognition. When I expressed surprise at the unfamiliarity of his name, my companions, whose ages ranged from twenty to forty-five, suggested with one accord that the great man must have lived too long ago for his reputation to have reached them. On the other hand, the neighboring bust of Joseph Chamberlain elicited cries of delighted recognition. They knew Lord Beaconsfield as "the man who gave us the Suez Canal." They dubbed Darwin "the inventor of a new religion." Shakespeare, Burns,

and Dickens excited rather more satisfying remark. Shakespeare, on occasion, was declared to be "dry," but almost everyone spoke tenderly of "Bobbie" Burns and of Dickens. At the same time gaps were noted in the Abbey's roll of honor. It was deemed unfortunate that Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, and General Booth should be buried elsewhere, and that Shakespeare should only be represented by a carved effigy and Burns by a bust. Few could state off-hand where each of these illustrious personages was actually interred, and until I had made special inquiry, I was myself at a loss to locate the grave of General Booth. In an oblivious moment, too, a questioner would ask me to account for the failure to give national burial to Lord Kitchener. The untrained mind is so sieve-like that it would seem imperative to erect without delay a fittingly conspicuous national monument to our organizer of victory. With a view to waking sleeping memories I often led my flock, in the absence for the moment of any other memorial, to the show-case in the Royal United Service Institution where Lord Kitchener's baton of Field-Marshal is on view. That baton alone survives of Lord Kitchener's many badges of honor. The rest were on board H.M.S. *Hampshire* when she was tragically wrecked off the Shetlands. In one instance I fear the commemoration of our heroes was thought to be overdone. One artisan fresh from Sydney, after seeing in the course of his first morning in London the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, the Nelson relics at the Royal United Service Institution, and the Nelson Sarcophagus in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, cheerily protested when he reached the Nelson Memorial in the Guildhall that the habit of putting up monuments to the great sailor had become a "mania."

Even when admiration was unstinted, it was sometimes capriciously bestowed. The gilt frames of the pictures in the National Gallery would attract more attention than the painted canvases. In Westminster Abbey none of the sculptured tombs which were exposed to view evoked quite so lively a solicitude as the piled sandbags beneath which the more elaborate monuments lay concealed. One felt that sandbags were old and familiar friends, and that the monuments were cold and unfamiliar strangers. Few specimens of artillery in the great armory of the Tower of London offered so many points of attraction as the gun-carriage which recently bore the coffin of the late King Edward VII in his funeral procession through the streets of London. It was natural, too, at the Tower armory that the saucer-like steel helmets such as are now worn in the firing-line should be more closely scanned than the finely chased armored headpieces of earlier epochs. With greater justice, the colors of the Canadian regiments now at the front, which temporarily decorate the monument to General Wolfe in Westminster Abbey, made a profounder impression than the monument itself or the exploits which it commemorates.

It was not always indeed the historical scenes and buildings of London about which the visitors were chiefly curious. Many identified the Capital City of the Empire with objects of less dignity, like Madame Tussaud's Wax-Works or the "Old Curiosity Shop." Petticoat Lane often seemed to raise higher expectations than any other street. Others were eager above all things to see a London fog. I had not the opportunity of satisfying that craving, but I did discreetly what I could to vary the tourists' fare.

I was fully alive to the perils of archæological monotony and always

welcomed a possible corrective. When historical memorials plainly palled, I had recourse to a moving stairway or a lift on a tube railway, both of which invariably proved cheering surprises. One day I took my men to the New Bailey, which was as new to me as to them. I had been told that the decoration of the main vestibule was attractive. I did not know at the time that the Central Criminal Court was in session. The party on learning the fact expressed a lively desire to witness a criminal trial. An amiable superintendent of police to whom I confided the wish willingly undertook to gratify it. Several Courts were sitting and we were offered choice of diet; I deprecated anything too harrowing or heinous and selected a case of robbery with violence. The affair erred to my thinking on the side of tameness, but the unaccustomed environment combined with the quaint complexity in which judge, counsel, and witnesses managed to clothe a very simple issue signally gratified and amused my companions. It was indeed with difficulty that I drew them away.

That morning was exceptionally well filled. From the criminal court we passed to the Old St. Bartholomew's Church and thence, through Smithfield, to the Charterhouse. The interest continued brisk through all its alternations. The sandbags which protected the chief monuments in the ancient church again received a rather closer attention than the structure itself. But there was no lack of admiration for the architectural features of the edifice. The Charterhouse was thoroughly explored under the joint direction of Mrs. Gerald Davies, wife of the Master, and of the librarian, Brother Bridger. None had heard of the institution before, and allusions to Thackeray and Colonel Newcome made no appeal. But the picturesqueness

of the chief buildings, the beneficent purpose of the foundation, and domestic details of the brethren's régime stirred a sincere enthusiasm. One felt the telling contrast between the peacefulness of this historic sanctuary and the outside turmoil in which my companions were playing their manifold part.

V.

Chance willed it that West Australian miners and agriculturalists, with a sprinkling of "larrikins" from Victoria or New South Wales, were often more numerous among my clients than men of other occupation or domicile. To all these men Great Britain was previously known in the dimmest of mirages, and it was not always easy to appreciate their angle of vision. Many bucolic Australians, who were born and bred up to the date of their enlistment on the boundless "stations" of the continent, had broken their journey to England by several months' sojourn in the training camps of Egypt. These men often found it difficult to co-ordinate their rather blurred impressions of Egypt with those which London gave them. They had lately seen the Sphinx and the Pyramids. Cairo, through which they had hurried, was the first large city with which they had made acquaintance. London was the second, and they embarrassingly measured the interest of its sights with those of Cairo, their only available standard. I felt at some disadvantage when a protégé, whose attention I had called to the antiquity and architecture of Westminster Abbey, suddenly without any apparent relevance asked me whether I reckoned the Abbey quite as memorable as the Pyramids. Similarly, another Australian, on passing from the Abbey into the street, earnestly requested me to take the party next to the mosques. Mosques formed the main object of interest in Cairo, and

every city was assumed to furnish like attractions. The sculptured monuments and inscribed gravestones of the Abbey deprived the building, in the rustic mind, of the customary associations of religious worship, and when I mentioned the Abbey's religious purpose I was often asked by my Egypt-traveled "larrikins" with what sort of religion the place was identified. There was no irony in these comments, though they seemed to echo Mark Twain's observations to his guide in "The Innocents Abroad." A man of the same class who joined my party on a tour through Westminster streets, grinned pleasantly all the while, but only ventured on one remark in the course of the walk. A foot-sentry of the Horse Guards on the parade ground of St. James's Park caught his especial attention, and he broke silence for the only time with the words "That's a classy kind of bloke." Cognate inquiries,— "What's this 'ere river called?" or "What did you say this place is known as?"— would at times enliven an allocation of mine while on the Thames Embankment, or in some edifice so familiar as the Abbey or St. Paul's.

VI.

There was little trace of bitterness in the men's general reference to the Germans. Those who had yet to meet them in the field rarely spoke of them, or, if their attention turned that way, contented themselves with a contemptuous remark about the Kaiser. A visit to Whitehall or the Tower of London usually suggested his appropriate doom on a scaffold or in a dungeon. Had the choice been put to the vote, the fate of Charles I would have carried the day. Men who had faced the firing-line, and had been wounded, had more to say of the foe, but they were inclined to crack a jest at his expense rather than to use strong language.

Some Australians talked lightly of a notice board which had been set up over against them not long ago in the German lines, and was inscribed with a repulsive threat to paint a certain parapet with Australian blood. "I like to hear them squeal," laughed a young warrior who had been severely wounded while impetuously rushing the third line of the German trenches at Pozières. The speaker laid emphatic stress on the word "squeal," which represented precisely, he assured me, the sound that reached his ears. Another fighter valued above all other fascinations in his experience the sight of a series of the enemy's observation balloons falling in flames behind the German lines after being hit by darts from our aeroplanes.

Of the Turks I heard nothing but praise. They were "clean fighters" who showed kindness to our wounded. A Turkish prisoner told one of my informants that he could not understand why he should be fighting against the English, and sought a solution of the puzzle in the delusion that the Anzacs, with whom alone he himself had been in conflict, were some different race.

The great issues of the war only came indirectly or allusively under our notice. I somehow formed the opinion that few of the men were greatly interested in the precise causes of the conflict. The conscious motives of enlistment varied. Some of the inducements avowedly touched personal or private more nearly than Imperial or public considerations. The outbreak of war synchronized with a depression in the agricultural industry of the Commonwealth. Unemployment, or a diminished wage, helped to swell the early levies. The recruiting appeal was clearly fostered, too, by the restlessness which impels laboring men of the Dominions to seek periodic change of occupation. Some virtue lay, too, in the natural love of a "scrap." One man

would explain how he joined because of a chum's example; another would point to the accident of hearing a reasonable public speech or of reading a newspaper article. No merit for their action was claimed, although some mild regret might be expressed for the failure of friends to respond to the call. I heard a few complaints of the discomforts of the ocean voyage and of the rigors of military discipline. But the men's predominant feelings were a genuine enthusiasm for their new calling, and an unflinching resolution to see the struggle through to victory. If they spoke of the grave risks which they were running, their tone was one of cheerful complacency; they were taking their chances hopefully and without over-much concern. The prospect of long exile from their native land was the cause of occasional depression, but the mood did not last long.

The men from Gallipoli whom I met spoke resignedly of their hardships and sufferings there, and their reminiscences abounded in exhilarating episode. One who described with graphic simplicity and pathos the heroic capture of the heights of Suvla Bay, and the unhappy accident which turned a promise of triumph into defeat, wound up his recital with the cry, "I wouldn't have missed it for the world." There is grief over loss of friends, but bereavements are borne with stoical calm. An Australian, who was convalescing after a very serious wound, inquired in my presence of a member of his company—the first he had met since his disablement—as to the fate of their comrades in recent engagements. The wounded man heard in silence and with eager interest the recital of the roll—how this one had been killed, that one had been wounded, and a third had come through un-

The Cornhill Magazine.

hurt. When Dicky B., a very intimate associate, was named among the slain, the questioner made his one quite audible comment on the catalogue: "Then Dicky," he said reflectively, "won't play cards any more." The epitaph, which obviously embodied some confidential memory, bore quaint testimony to the general spirit of resignation in which bereavement is faced.

One cannot deduce much from the *obiter dicta* of the average Anzac when he seeks to put into words the immediate impulse which brings him to the support of the Mother Country. There is clearly present a larger sentiment or intuition than is discoverable in any of the concrete facts which the men ordinarily specify. The strength of the lineal tie, whether it be mentioned or no, lies at the root of the whole matter. "If England's got to fight, it's up to me," is a crude expression which figured in a poem published at Sydney in aid of the recruiting movement, and the rough words give the key to the situation. No one, moreover, can be long in the society of the Australian contingents without perceiving that an insistent passion for liberty surges in their blood. It is not a passion which is always easy to reconcile with the requirements of military discipline or with the comparatively unimportant calls of social convention, but it is an untamable sentiment which reinforces the effective sense of imperial unity and increases the fighting energy of the firing line. The colonial creed reckons the love of liberty as the rallying instinct of the English breed. The men are swayed in this stern struggle on which they have voluntarily embarked, by the intuitive and instinctive conviction that they are fighting their race's battle for freedom against the cause of tyranny and oppression.

Sir Sidney Lee.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

CHAPTER XXV.

FOOTPADS.

Two hours later my drag and four matched grays stood outside the *Green Dragon*. A man in my livery sat beside the coachman. A very tall man wearing my Chesterfield handed a small person attired in Quaker gown and poke bonnet to the interior. A stout female figure occupied the rumble. The door was closed and the vehicle jolted over the cobbles by way of London Wall to the City Road.

The start was made openly, yet with a certain parade of secrecy, for the lamps were unlit. The hour, the darkness, the number of attendants, had been discussed. We had decided to do the thing naturally, as country folk conscious of jeopardy might be expected to behave.

I watched the start from a dark corner of the gallery which surrounds and overlooks the inn yard.

"Can that be thy coach, George?" asked Mrs. Ellwood from the open door of her sitting-room, "Georgy tells me thou hast borrowed some of her clothing. May we be enlightened?"

Her husband had brought the dear lady to Town to see a physician. We had all traveled together. I had hoped to have effected the first stage of my retreat without disturbing her. This was now impossible. Getting the three of them upon the safe side of a locked door I laid our hard case bare. They heard me out in silence, but I caught the whispers of shortened breath.

"And, thou thinkest . . . ?" asked Mr. Ellwood, his face white but his voice steady.

"That Georgy would be safer at Winteringhame, where for miles in every direction her face and figure

are known, and a stranger is an object of suspicion." He nodded.

"She and I must be off this night. I shall lead our pursuers a dance by way of Reading, Oxford, Banbury and a line of western roads. You, with my man and your maid, can post north at your leisure, and will be as safe as any other users of the turnpikes."

"But, has not thy man . . . ?"

"No, he is below. That was a Bow Street Runner in my livery whom ye saw beside the coachman. Another officer in a woman's dress sits behind."

"Then thy friends look to be attacked. Do they ride armed? Nay, do not tell me. I have no wish to know. It is their affair. But, thou wilt not carry arms, dear George? 'They that take the sword.'"

"But, I shall not 'perish by the sword' on this journey, dear friends. Remember, my work is still to do. I have her word for it. O, I am safe enough until that is off my hands. It is this child of ours whom I am thinking for. Here, Georgy, don't sit listening to us with those big eyes! Off with ye, get into woolen wraps and walking-shoes, and put up enough traveling linen for a week in a hand-bag. You and I must foot it to the news in Finsbury where our chaise will be waiting for us."

The girl was game. Without cry or question she obeyed, kissed the old people tenderly, slipped from the room, and joined me half an hour later at the corner of London Wall, a cloaked and veiled figure bearing a bag, just a City work-woman returning late from her employ.

'Twas dark. "George, is it thou?" she whispered. "What fun!"

"Hush! Not a word, please! No, don't take my arm. Follow me, but

not too closely; watch what I do, and whip into the chaise after me like a rabbit into its bury. Give me that bag."

In we jumped. I leaned from the window, "Tyburn Gate." The boy cracked his whip. I shot up the sash. We were off.

"They are praying hard for us, Van Schau," she said in my ear.

"We need it," I replied, feeling for the butts of two brace of pistols in the breast-pockets of my riding-coat.

Shall I ever forget that journey? Never. Before reaching the *Dumb-bell* at Taplow, where we lay for the night, I had misgivings. At Reading, where we made a second breakfast at the *Bear*, and all the way to Oxford, where I stayed to show my girl the buildings, and slept, I was at war with myself.

She was too delightful for a young man to sit beside day after day unmoved.

My God! how poor George Fanshawe did pray . . . (and was upheld).

Upon the second day of our journey we lunched at a place called Banbury at an ancient inn, the sign of which I have forgot, but its living-room had so fine and curious a carven ceiling that I coveted it for my library in the New Work, but felt easier to let it stay where 'twould give pleasure to others.

And, soon after leaving this town, I, being at my very worst, found myself at my wits' end: then, what must the girl do but let her hands fall slackly to her sides, lay herself back, and sleep. This shamed the devil in me.

But only for a time, for when, toward evening, we being drawn by a sorry pair of nags with a stupid old boy up, Georgy broke a long silence (for which I own myself responsible) with a plea we might alight and walk.

"I am weary of that old man's worn blue jacket, Van Schau, and really the patches upon his buckskins are discreditable. Let us look upon something prettier awhile."

I laughed and handed her down. Passing her arm through mine her wrist felt the hardness of the pistol-locks.

"Then thou still . . . ?"

"Precautionary, my dear. 'Tis a hundred to one against my using 'em."

She paced at my side in silence, leaning a thought too much upon my arm. I panted and could scarce bear it, but stepped on, governing myself with the last of my self-control, and finding nature slipping, slipping.

"He has thrown away his chances wholesale," thought I. "Why should I stand aside longer? I will ride my own line. Come! Unless God speaks before we reach that tree, I'll out with it and ask this fine, sweet thing to be my wife!"

'Twas a great tree, and stood, for aught I know still stands, at the cross roads above Sibford Ferris on the watershed of middle England. For a hundred and fifty paces we moved side by side, she silent, I silent too. We reached the tree, the chaise crawling behind us, I turned to her, moistening dry lips, picking my phrase. She spoke first.

"He has asked me again, thou knows, Van Schau; and I—what *was* I to do? What *ought* I to have said? I love him, I suppose, in a way. I told him so. But, that didn't suit him either. He wanted more. All or none. We have agreed to wait a bit. Why spoil things as they are? They may come right after all. Who can tell? He certainly is very wonderful; and O, so good!"

I shut my eyes and groaned, she noticed nothing, and, at bottom I was feeling supremely thankful. That was my nearest: one of the three or four crises of my poor ill-spent life.

At the week's end she and I reached the Lodge from the north, a roundabout route, but safe. We found the Ellwoods home an hour before us, and

the New Work occupied by Bob and Captain Chaffers. The latter had taken a wound in the neck which our local surgeon, usually a good man, shrank from probing. (Let me say at once that on the morning after my coming, finding the ball show blue against the skin of the nape, I ventured to make a small puncture with my razor, and, upon applying pressure, the intruder popped out, leaving a passage which healed well after draining. Bob was properly amazed, but I think I had seen as many shot-wounds as most men, and was grown bold enough to tackle simple cases.)

Both good fellows were soberly reticent before their hosts and the servants, speaking of a footpad, etc. To me they opened fully, had had the hell of a time (but wouldn't have missed it for a thousand guineas!). Had been stopped north of Watford ("I owe ye that pony, Doodles, 'twas outside the limit").

From the strength of the enemy both judged that Semmes had expected a soft job ("And found his mistake, begad, for we chipped one of his gang at the first exchange, that is to say Chaffers did, I missed the Major, worse luck!").

The man's riding-orders must have been imperative, for in a deep wet lane in Derbyshire they had been beset by a stronger party ("Not less than six, eh, Chaffers?") and had fought a merry little mill for some dark minutes.

"Our two Runners winged, my son; good men, both, and by God's grace, neither much hurt. We brought 'em on here slow, and are nursin' 'em overhead. Saves publicity, and the lady's name, dontcherknow."

Captain Chaffers, a tiny man, with a comical monkey face, danced up and down the room, wriggling between pain in his neck and a disposition to laugh. "I am the lady, b'George! None of your jokes, Dawnay, 'tis sheer

murder, I shall fine ye a bottle for every smile!"

I was relieved to hear that the balls had been extracted and the constables upstairs were doing well.

Chaffer's poke-bonnet had proved a costly disguise. In getting one of his assailants he had been got by another. ("Don't make too much of it, Dawnay 'tis the one bit of active service I have seen.") Both felt sure that Semmes had got his gruel. They congratulated me upon the escape of my coachman ("A stout feller, cool as ye like, didn't bother his head about anything but his cattle, Colonel, and your team of matched grays is all right, anyway").

I thanked my little army heartily. They laughed the matter off, and, I noticed, suspected nothing of the inwardness of the outrage. That the Duke of Cumberland should have made two determined attempts upon the honor of a lady seemed quite in character.

"A bit hot, if ye come to think of it, and a little out of date, but, we all know Ernest Augustus. What H.R.H. would say to his people if he knew they had fired on the woman I don't quite know. New practice that in the way of abduction, eh, Dawnay?" said Captain Chaffers, tenderly caressing his bandage.

"Chance," said Bob. "In a scrimmage at night the woman must take her chance with the rest. The gang were a bit rattled, I guess,—didn't suspect the weight of our battery. We gave 'em four barrels into the brown, Doodles; four as they scattered, and eight more shots before going for them with the butt and loaded cane.

"The Runner in the rumble, the one togged out like a woman, would have scooped the pool, but his blunderbuss missed fire. They got him in the right forearm whilst he was re-priming.

"Jove! the rascals scampered when I got down to attend to 'em. But, ye

see, D., with three of my force down, I couldn't press the pursuit.

"Will the papers get hold of it, think ye?—Hope not! Awkward for Ernest Augustus if they should! But, just a morsel embarrassin' for Chaffers and me."

Father Smythe waited upon me the day after my arrival. He was as near consternation as his well-controlled mind could go. Of course he had heard, for an outrage of this character cannot be hid. The shot-holes gave the story away to the lads who washed the drag. There was no blinking the surgeon's presence in the house, nor his patients. The coachman over his ale had not been as reticent as I could have desired, but after all a man who has shown conduct has a right to his story.

I told the curate all that had occurred. His handsome face wore the lines of extreme gravity for a moment before reforming the inscrutable, affable mask of his Order.

"One thing is certain. The Duke of Cumberland has his hand upon the woman," he paused, perusing the pattern of my Turkey rug. "You may depend upon it that the Countess, having gone as far as she dared in black-mailing the Prince of Wales, has sold her secret to his brother."

"Who is not the man to let the grass grow under his feet, as this affair shows," said I gloomily.

"Indeed no! . . . Of course, Colonel, you and I see farther into this than your gallant friends. 'Abduction?' absurd! 'Twas an attempt to murder. My niece is to be removed. Someone about the Prince must be in his brother's pay, and has told him of the efforts to find the missing child, and he, having most of the brains of the family, has fitted the pieces together and discovered Georgy's identity."

"But cannot prove it," said I. "The Duke knows less than you and I, but enough to make him regard our child

as a possible obstacle in his path to the throne."

"Sufficiently dangerous to merit removal, yes; and by any means whatever. What a man! In Russia, Sweden, or Turkey he might succeed. But, this is England, Colonel.

"O, yes. The hand of the Gräfinn Omptèda is in this. . . . But you have done wisely in bringing Miss Georgy down here, and may entrust her safely to my hands. In such a case as this I need hardly tell you the wits and resources of my Society are engaged. We are reputed unscrupulous, most unjustly, but I can assure you that the curate of this parish, and his servants, will be capable of taking precautionary measures from which a squire and county justice might shrink.

"All that I ask of ye in the way of concurrence is to receive into your service such men and women as I shall recommend to you.

"Ah, yes! I know the meaning of that look. My promise still holds. Her mind, her beliefs, shall remain untampered with (as *you* would say!).

"For the time being the Society of Friends shall take care of her soul, and the Society of Jesus of her body."

I bowed, realizing for the second time the power of a Provincial of the Society.

The door of my gunroom opened. Abel entered, splashed with hard riding, gray around the mouth with anxiety, but, seeing my companion, excused himself and would have withdrawn.

Neither of us would permit this. I caught his hands and drew him in. "You have come at last. Yes, I know you were somewhere on the Lancashire side, and none knew your address. Sit and rest yourself. No harm is done."

"I have just seen thy coach," he said, sinking into a chair. His voice shook.

"But she was not within sixty miles of it, so cheer up!"

"Is it true there are three sorely

wounded men upstairs? Tell me the worst, George! Where is she? Where did it happen?"

Never but once have I seen the fellow so moved. I took him by the shoulders as he sat, "Georgy is with your mother, she is untouched, unshaken, and in splendid spirits.

"The three men who took hurts are, in their own words, 'merely chipped.' The surgeon is easy as to them. But ye shall see and hear them yourself.

"Nor, if ye want to know, am I any the worse for a week's posting. As for the facts, can ye listen?"

He could by this time, and I related them slowly. The curate checking off salient points and taking snuff when I ended.

Abel, who had followed me with tightened mouth and unwinking attention, laid a shaking hand over his face.

"Let us pray!" said he softly, and knelt, reverently thanking God for His preserving care, and asking for wisdom, and so ended, and got slowly and stiffly to his feet a calm man.

"And that," said the curate, brushing his knees, "is our sheet anchor when all is said. Outside the fold of the Church you Quakers may be, but, I suspect that in the next world I shall find that your parents' prayers, Mr. Abel, had as much to do with the happy issue of this adventure as the Colonel's stratagem, and his friends' exploits.

"What am I to do about that?" asked Father Smythe with a whimsical grimace, pointing to the door which Abel had just passed to seek Georgy, all unaware that he had exposed his heart to his neighbor, who, being no fool, must already have guessed what was afoot.

"If I and mine were what our enemies say, how, think you, Fanshawe, should I bear myself in the

presence of a deep human affection, which, I cannot conceal from myself, may bring to naught the purpose for which my Society is working?

"Dare I intervene? I dare not. I am by way of being a doctor of souls, bound over to cure and to keep alive.

"God gives his hour of life to each of us. He lets all grow together until the time of the harvest. Am I, a Provincial of the Society of Jesus, released from the homely and divine law of love because a brother man crosses my plans?

"Let your Protestant Duke stoop to assassination (we will balk him, my word on't!) but I will patiently await the Will of the Almighty.

"Let Master Abel win her if he can—he won't in my opinion—he shall have his chance for me. God for us all!"

More snuff and exit.

Both my guests had applied for leave "upon urgent private business" before setting forth. How they had obtained it at such short notice, Heaven alone knows! Being men of affairs, they had bespoke copies of the *Times*, at that day the most outspoken and liberal organ of the press. The papers came and were scanned with avidity.

"Stop making that row with the toast and listen!" shouted Bob, folding the paper and slapping me across the shoulder with it to distract me from my breakfast and mails. He read as follows,

"FOOTPADS (VERY) EXTRAORDINARY.

"It is reported that on October 3-4 the coach of Col. Fanshawe of Winteringham was stopped two miles north of Watford, but the villains meeting with a warm reception, thought better of their enterprise and did not persevere with the attack. Either the same gang, or a more determined and numerous party of ruffians, renewed

the assault three days later, at the foot of Lirriper Hill, Derbyshire, and were again beaten off. The gallant colonel, promoted for conspicuous services in the Peninsula, and still suffering from a wound, was believed to have not an enemy in Britain, but the condition of his coach, which bears the marks of six bullets, points to a different conclusion.

"He escaped unscathed, but we understand that a young lady who was sharing the inside, sustained a wound, happily not serious.

KILLING NO MURDER.

"This enthralling but vulgar drama which took the Town by storm four years since, is now starring the Provincines. After a one-night's unsuccessful performance in *Hertfordshire*, it seems to have enjoyed a short run farther North, but, as the *takings were unsatisfactory*, has now, it is to be hoped, been *permanently withdrawn*, nor will again receive the patronage of His R— H— the D— of C—. Englishmen are agreed that the piece is better adapted for the

Continental boards than for the British stage. The public object to the cast, dislike the *Plot*, and would be rejoiced to learn that His Majesty's Licensor of Plays, after conference with Her Majesty the Queen, had ordered its suppression."

We regarded one another with dancing eyes, Chaffers holding his throat, which still pained him when he laughed.

"Uncommon clever skit that, and well put together," said Bob. "That radical Walter is a plucky dog, and no mistake. Ernest Augustus would dearly like to get him into Newgate for this, I'll be sworn!"

"Or into the pillory, eh? where they could finish him with brickbats, eh?" grinned little Chaffers, and the conversation turning upon the license of the Press, my guests concluded that the Middle Class was getting d—d uppish, and, though, in this instance, it might be to the advantage of the Country that a Member of the Royal Family should be held up to ridicule, yet the man who did it must expect to be kicked.

(To be continued.)

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF M. BRIAND.

When M. Briand became Premier, more than a year ago, he found the war in an extremely critical state. Ever since the Battle of the Marne no conspicuous success had crowned French arms. There was apparently a deadlock. Certain mistakes had been made in the conduct of the war, nor had the English co-operation quite yielded what was expected of it. The politician who had led the Government since the war began, had made admirable speeches, had struck the right note, but when the applause had died down, things were as they were before. The situation demanded

energy as well as oratory. Was it so certain that the new chief possessed that energy?

People remembered, of course, that he had shown great mastery over men, a few years before, in crushing the railway strike, which he did by calling up the strikers as reservists. But, though great in itself and a real menace to the country, this movement was nothing compared with the vast world-event of the war. M. Briand had shown particular courage, when one remembered that he had started his political career as a Socialist, and great initiative in grappling with an

ugly industrial position; but had he just the qualities required, first, to bind the nation together, and, secondly, to conduct it into the path of victory? Even those who most admired his talents professed to be doubtful on this point.

Again, the critics said, his political past was against him. It was lurid with Socialistic ideas. He had sat in Parliament in the early days as a representative of Labor. Fiercely he had attacked social injustice in the name of the proletariat, and then, daring the charge of inconsistency, had entered a Bourgeois Government and had become prominent in it. People remembered all this, and, especially, the bitter, unrelenting antagonism of the Socialists, who dubbed him a renegade, especially after his action in the railway strike. Already, he had suffered expulsion, as M. Millerand had done, from the United Socialist Party.

His contest with Jean Jaurès, the leader of the Parliamentary Socialists, his former close friend and now his bitterest enemy, is one of the classic episodes of Parliamentary history. It proved that M. Briand was a superb debater as well as a great platform speaker. Little did one suppose, in listening to his vigorous language, that, in a very few years, Briand, the magician, would have drawn into his net such stalwarts of Socialism as Jules Guesde, Sembat, and Albert Thomas. But in this case, of course, to the magic of his personality was added the supreme argument of the war.

And yet, knowing the seduction of the man and his power to attract even enemies, one should not be surprised at his success. He has the reputation of being the charmer of the Chamber. This is due in great measure to his voice, which is of a particularly sympathetic timbre. It is warm and

colored, and vibrates with all the emotions of an artist. It charms and soothes; it can rise to great heights of denunciation; it rouses and holds captive. Few audiences can resist him—certainly not the Chamber of Deputies, most impressionable of assemblies. The Premier has the double power of stilling the tempest and of inspiring his hearers with the highest energy of patriotism. That of itself is a precious gift for any public man. But whether the tense is imperative or softly subjunctive, there are always reason and set purpose behind it. It is the voice of right; it is sometimes the voice of vengeance. Now he speaks in dulcet tones, now he exhibits pathos and passion, now he rises to great heights of patriotic grandeur, and ends on a note of triumph. Or it may be that, summoning all his forces, he vehemently assails a political opponent who has made, as he considers, a mischievous demonstration. In these moods of denunciation, he is very impressive.

To the Socialists who seek to destroy him, if only for his past "treachery," he replies in a language of vibrant patriotism, impossible to resist. When a premature peacemaker querulously demands the cessation of the war, the Premier's scorn for so inglorious a proposal is magnificent. "Peace! What peace would you make at this moment?" he asks. "If peace were to come, in present conditions, it would be a German peace, a war peace. Future generations would be constantly menaced. The pride of Germany would push her to repeat her disloyal enterprise in which she has failed today."

His natural abilities, as well as his meteoric career, make him the predestined leader of modern Republican France. Those who doubted his consistency and steadfastness have had their doubts removed by the sheer

splendor of his achievement. He has conjured difficulties with a "savoir faire" which has won the admiration of the Allies, and the reluctant homage of the Central Empires. He has convinced the world that France has the leader she needs; the hour has brought forth the man. He has crystallized the national resistance, he has typified the nation's soul. Behind the witchery of his words, one perceives the stern light of resolution. He combines energy with eloquence, power with poetry.

He has done more, he has united France, which was surely the most disunited of the nations. When he first took office as Premier, he proclaimed the sacred union by the effacement of party labels ("L'Union sacrée par la discipline de tous"). In a speech which recalled that France had not broken the peace, but had done all that was possible to maintain it, he said that war had been imposed upon her by a premeditated aggression. She had accepted it without fear, and would desist only when the enemy had been reduced to powerlessness. These were brave words after the country had been subjected to the fiercest struggle for a year, and had suffered in a fashion which even now the average Englishman can hardly realize. But how were these words to be made good? By the solidarity of the nation, by the closer inter-action of the Allies.

M. Briand was the first to recognize, officially, the stern necessity of co-operation amongst the Allies. If each were to pursue his own plan independently of the others, and employ his own resources, exclusively for his own purposes, then the effort of the Allies must always be inferior to the effort of the Central Empires. It was a lesson none the less precious for being obvious. It showed that M. Briand was, as he declared himself

to be, "a man of realizations." A few days later, on November 10th, he delivered his famous oration containing the phrase which has had the widest currency in France: "Peace through Victory" (*La paix par la victoire*). "When we make peace," he said, "it will be because we have won." Even the hundred Socialists of the Extreme Left applauded. In a voice like a clarion call he said, "France, upstanding, sword in hand, struggles for civilization and liberty." And the peroration concluded with the magical words: "Vers la victoire, vive la France."

Again, nearly a year later, on September 19th, of this year, M. Briand delivered another remarkable oration in which he said that an immediate peace, such as certain of the Socialists demanded, would be humiliating and dishonoring. No Frenchman could possibly desire it. Whilst the objector, M. Brizon, was developing his theories and descending deeper into the mire of a dishonoring peace, M. Briand grew more and more nervous. Brushing aside the restraining arms of friends, who wished him to treat the outburst with contempt, M. Briand mounted the tribune and, speaking in the heat of strong feeling, delivered one of those brilliant and telling improvisations of which he has the secret. He is always at his best when taken by surprise, when whipped to sudden effort by the sudden call.

There is a nervous quality in his discourse at such a moment, which is as much the outcome of his heart as of his head. At such a moment he gives utterance to an acutely human note. His speeches have neither the polish nor the antique flavor of M. Poincaré's orations, but proceed obviously from a nature open to every generous influence, and alive to every patriotic impulse. He never writes his speeches, but forges them direct on the anvil of occasion. Only the

raw material, the result of deep meditation, is brought to the tribune. His speeches gain by a rare freshness and unexpectedness. In France, the country of orators, one is apt to be a little impatient of the very perfection of phrase in the mouth of the Parliamentarian, just as at Westminster one regrets the absence of form and comeliness which is so often a slur on sincerity.

M. Briand's astonishing gift of improvisation has favored the legend of his laziness. Like another celebrated statesman, on this side of the Channel, he is reputed to go a-fishing when politics prove unkind. He is certainly devoted to the gentle art of Izaak Walton, and loves to commune with nature.

M. Briand holds the Chamber by the splendor of his talents. By making broad his base, he has succeeded in erecting a strong structure of national union. He is as great a statesman as Gambetta—perhaps greater—as becomes a man with larger issues to face. He has ideality joined to common-sense, imagination to analytical power. His knowledge of the psychology of the people, of the sort of appeal that goes straight to the human heart, is a product of the days when he was a combatant in the trenches of a militant Socialism. He never forgets those days, nor has he turned his back upon his generous ideals—rather does he attempt to bring them about by wise, moderate, and patriotic measures.

In a recent conversation recorded by M. Alfred Capus, the editor of the *Figaro*, M. Briand expressed the view that France, on the morrow of the war, would turn again to order and authority. But the new régime would differ from the old because those principles, instead of being imposed historically and politically, would be demanded by the people of their

representatives. The country, he thinks, will require a firmer and more concentrated direction of affairs. "You will understand that I do not speak for myself but for the new race which will arrive on the scene, less bound and limited in their opinions than we ourselves." M. Briand thinks that political methods will have to be changed. He is convinced that the war spirit has swept away the spirit of local interests, substituting for it the notion of the public good. But that this change may be really established, there must be frankness and openness in dealing with the electorate.

This is the summary picture of the new France that M. Briand draws—a France disciplined and united. And the Premier represents, in his own political record, this new-old conception. He is the type of democrat, just as is Mr. Lloyd George, whom, by the way, he resembles not merely in his origin and record, but in the quality of his talents. There is, in each case, a deep knowledge of the aspirations of the people; there is, also, an acute mental observation, which seems to anticipate the effect of any action. Even physically there is some resemblance in the two men, if only in the fullness of feature and the habit of each to wear his hair long. A favorite attitude of M. Briand is to place his head on one side—an action which seems to render the locks more leonine than ever. Though there is some reason to believe that Chateaubriand, the famous author of *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, was of the same family as M. Briand, the Premier's immediate forbears were humble folk living in a corner of Brittany where, in his youth, he came into contact with Socialism and Demagogism. His early career, therefore, bears a close analogy to that of Mr. Hughes. He entered Parliament as a representative of those influences. But put in charge of the

Disestablishment Bill, he wrung even from opponents the grudging admission that, given the fairness of the principle, he was most fair in the treatment. And he has retained this character for moderation so that even the traditional opponent of the Republic says, in accents of an unmistakable sincerity, "Vous avez un Gouvernement épatant." This is praise indeed from such a quarter.

You may see by extracts from his speeches that M. Briand is not a strictly party man. He has always placed himself above party, since, that is, he ceased to represent militant labor. And in consequence, no doubt, he has been somewhat of a lonely figure upon the mountain-top. He has never been, in fact, closely identified with any particular group in the Chamber, but has dominated them all by the sheer force of his personality. This fact certainly has given him independence.

Blessed with the real Celtic insight, M. Briand has used his gift of visualization in the furthering of the war. I spoke, a moment ago, of his realization of the need of co-operation. In the same way he has a keen eye for merit in the field. He has given to Joffre his frankest and most perfect confidence, and the Commander-in-Chief has returned it with the southern warmth that is really his, though covered with official reserve. When M. Briand was charged, at the end of last year, with the formation of the Ministry, General Joffre came from his headquarters to express his readiness to co-operate with him in the vigorous prosecution of the war. It was a charming and spontaneous gesture, much appreciated by the Premier. None the less, it did not prevent the latter from differing, on an important occasion, from the decision of the War Board, over which the Generalissimo presides, and of entrusting General

Sarrail with the command of the Army at Salonika.

In his soaring, patriotic mood, he can touch the House as no other orator. His spirit of intense realization will not allow him to leave the enemy in doubt as to his intentions. The price of peace is marked in plain figures, for he says: "Belgium, Serbia, and the ten invaded Departments must be evacuated. Alsace and Lorraine must be restored to France." In his wonderful speech, embodying the Ministerial program, he said: "We are decided to go to the end. Our enemies must not count on our lassitude or weakness. Having realized the magnitude of our task, we intend, however rude it may be, to pursue it to the end, to its necessary conclusion. We have the will to conquer and we shall conquer."

The man is here revealed, the man who can speak to the nation. By his imagination he sees what is needed; by his sympathetic force and penetration he is able to carry it out. He owes nothing to the great schools of his country; little, I imagine, even to his lawyer's training; his is a native talent strengthened by daily contact with realities. If he has the persuasive gifts of Mr. Lloyd George, he has also the power of mind and the dialectical skill of an Asquith. If his speeches proclaim his character, his acts show him to be a statesman of infinite resource, a man of divination and intuition rather than one coldly reasoning from general principles and precedent. He realizes that the past is no more, that the new times have not fully come. We are living in a period of transition, and Aristide Briand, the son of the people, sprung from the democratic soil of France, bridges the chasm with his large and generous ideals, with his perception of tomorrow, with his knowledge that we are moving away from the narrow

party spirit, from the sectarianism which has wrought so much harm to France, along the broad highway which leads to a new brotherhood of man, a new estimate of human values, a new spirit of progress and spiritual achievement. M. Briand is the type of the New France. Modestly he tells us he must yield place to the new

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generation on the morrow of victory; but a man with experience so wide, whose very nature is instinct with racial feeling, and whose supple mind easily responds to new problems—such a man is indispensable to his country, and is sure to maintain his spiritual ascendancy over a long term of years.

Charles Dawbarn.

THE PASSING OF A ZEPPELIN.

In the year that had gone by since the great air-raid on London we knew that much had been done in the way of strengthening the defenses. Just what had been done we did not, of course, and do not, know. We knew that there were more and better guns and searchlights, and probably greatly improved means of anticipating the coming of the raiders and of following and reporting their movements after they did come. At the same time we also knew that the latest Zeppelin had been greatly improved; that it was larger, faster, capable of ascending to a greater altitude, and probably able to stand more and heavier gun-fire than its prototype of a year ago. It seemed to be a question, therefore, of whether or not the guns could range the raiders, and, if so, do them any vital damage when they did hit them. The aeroplane was an unknown quantity, and, in the popular mind at least, not seriously reckoned with. London knew that the crucial test would not come until an airship tried again to penetrate to the heart of the metropolitan area, and awaited the result calmly if not quite indifferently.

The Zeppelin raids of the spring and early summer, numerous as they had been, had done a negligible amount of military damage and scarcely more to civil property. The death list, too, had,

mercifully, been very low. It seemed significant, however, that the main London defenses had been avoided during all of this time, indicating, apparently, that the raiders were reluctant to lift the lid of the Pandora's box that was laid out so temptingly before them for fear of the possible consequences. Twice or thrice, watching with my glasses after I had been awakened by distant bomb explosions or gun-fire, I had seen a shell-pocketed airship draw back, as a yellow dog refuses the challenge that his intrusion has provoked, and glide off into the darkness of some safer area. "Would they try it again?" was the question Londoners asked themselves as the dark of the moon came round each month, and, except for the comparatively few who had had personal experience of the terror and death that follow the swath of an air-raider, most of them seemed rather anxious to have the matter put to the test.

Last night—just twelve "darks-of-the-moon" after the first great raid of 1915—the test came. It was hardly a conclusive one, perhaps (though that may well have come before these lines find their way into print), but it was certainly highly illuminative. I write this on my return to London from viewing—twenty miles away—a tangled mass of wreckage and a heap of

charred trunks that are all that remain of a Zeppelin and its crew which—whether by accident, intent, or the force of circumstances will probably never be known—rushed in where two others of its aerial sisters feared to fly, and paid the cost.

There was nothing of the surprise (to London, at least; as regards the ill-starred Zeppelin crew none can say) in last night's raid. The night grew more heavily overcast as the darkness deepened, and towards midnight stealthy little beams of hooded searchlights pirouetting on the eastern clouds told the home-wending Saturday night theatre crowd that, with the imminent approach of the raiders, London was lifting a corner of its mask of blackness and throwing out an open challenge to the enemy. This was the first time I had known the lights to precede the actual explosion of bombs, and the cool confidence of the thing suggested (as I heard one policeman tell another) that the defense had something "up their sleeves."

It was towards one in the morning when I finished my supper at a West End restaurant and started walking through the almost deserted streets to my hotel. London is anything but a bedlam after midnight, but the silence in the early hours of this morning was positively uncanny. Now, with the last of the 'buses gone and all trains stopped, only the muffled buzz of an occasional belated taxi—pushing on cautiously with hooded lights—broke the stillness.

Reaching my room, I pulled on a sweater, ran up the curtain, laid my glass ready and seated myself at the window, the same window from which, a year ago, I had watched those two insolently contemptuous raiders sail across overhead and leave a blazing wake of death and destruction behind them. On that night, I reflected, I had felt the rush of air from the bombs,

and—later—had watched the firemen extinguishing the flames and the ambulances carrying the wounded to the hospitals. Would it be like that tonight? I wondered (there was now no doubt that the raiders were near, for the searchlights had multiplied and, far to the southeast, though no detonations were audible, quick flashes told of scattering gun-fire), or would the defense have more of a word to say for itself this time? I looked to the eastern heavens, where the shifting clouds were now "polka-dotted" with the fluttering golden motes of a score of searchlights, and thought I had found my answer.

There was no wheeling and reeling of the lights in wide circles, as a year ago, but rather a steady, persistent stabbing at the clouds, each one appearing to keep to an allotted area of its own. "Stabbing" expresses the action exactly, and it recalled to me an occasion, a month ago, when a "Tommy" who was showing me through some captured dug-outs on the Somme illustrated, with bayonet thrusts, the manner in which they had originally searched for Germans hiding under the straw mattresses. There was nothing "panicky" in the work of the lights this time, but only the suggestion of methodical, ordered, relentless vigilance.

"Encouraging as a preliminary," I said to myself; "now" (for the night was electric with import) "for the main event."

There was not long to wait. To the southeast the gun-flashes had increased in frequency, followed by mist-dulled blurs of brightness in the clouds that told of bursting shells. Suddenly, through a rift in the clouds, I saw a new kind of glare—the earthward-launched beam of an airship's searchlight groping for its target—but the shifting mist-curtain intervened again even as one of the defending lights took up the challenge and flashed its

own rapier ray in quick reply. Presently the muffled boom of bombs fled to my ears, and then the sharper rattle of a sudden gust of gun-fire. This was quickly followed by a confused roar of sound, evidently from many bombs dropped simultaneously or in quick succession, and I knew that one of two things had happened—either the raider had found its mark and was delivering “rapid fire,” or the guns were making it so hot for the visitor that it had been compelled to dump its explosives and seek safety in flight. When a minute or more had gone by I felt sure that the latter had been scuttled, and that it was now only a question of which direction the flight was going to take.

Again the eastward searchlights gave me the answer. By two and three—I could not follow the order of the thing—the lights that had been “patrolling” the eastern sky moved over and took their station around a certain low-hanging cloud to the south. The murky sheet of cumulo-nimbus seemed to pale and dissolve in the concentrated rays, and then, right into the focus of golden glow formed by the dancing light motes, running wild and blind as a bull charges the red mantle masking the matador, darted a huge Zeppelin.

Perhaps never before in all time has a single object been the center of so blinding a glare. It seemed that the optic nerve must wither in so fierce a light, and certainly no unprotected eye could have opened to it. Dark glasses might have made it bearable, but could not possibly have resolved the earthward prospect into anything less than the heart of a fiery furnace. Indeed, it is very doubtful if the bewildered fugitive knew, in more than the most general way, where it was. Cut off by the guns to the southeast from retreat in that direction, but knowing that the North Sea and safety could be

reached by driving to the northeast, it is more than probable that the harried raider found itself over the “Lion’s Den” rather because it could not help it than by deliberate intent.

What a contrast was this blinded, reeling thing to those arrogantly purposeful raiders of a year ago! Supreme-ly disdainful of gun and searchlight, these had prowled over London till the last of their bombs had been planted, and one of them had even circled back the better to see the ruin its passing had wrought. But *this* raider—far larger than its predecessors and flying at over twice as great a height though it was—dashed on its erratic course as though pursued by the vengeful spirits of those its harpy sisters had bombed to death in their beds. If it still had bombs to drop its commander either had no time or no heart for the job. Never had I seen an inanimate thing typify terror—the terror that must have gripped the hearts of its palpably flustered (to judge by the airship’s movements) crew—like that staggering helpless maverick of a Zeppelin, when it finally found itself clutched in the tentacles of the searchlights of the aerial defenses of London.

All this time the weird, uncanny silence that brooded over the streets before I had come indoors held the city in its spell. The watching thousands—nay, millions—kept their excitement in leash, and the propeller of the raider—muffled by the mists intervening between the earth and the 12,000 feet at which it whirled—dulled to a drowsy drone. Into this tense silence the sudden fire of a hundred anti-aircraft guns—opening in unison as though at the pull of a single lanyard—cut in a blended roar like the Crack o’ Doom; indeed, though few among those hushed watching millions realized it it *was* literally the Crack o’ Doom that was sounding. For perhaps a minute or a minute and a half the air was vibrant

with the roar of hard-pumped guns and the shriek of speeding shell, the great sound from below drowning the sharper cracks from the steel-cold flashes in the upper air.

It was guns that were built for the job—not the hastily gathered and wholly inadequate artillery of a year ago—that were speaking now, and the voice was one of ordered, imperious authority. Range-finders had the marauder's altitude, and the information was being put at the disposal of guns that had the power to "deliver the goods" at that level. What a contrast the sequel was to that pitiful firing of the other raid! Only the opening shots were "shorts" or "wides" now, and ten seconds after the first gun a diamond-clear burst blinking out through a rift in the upper clouds told that the raider—to use a naval term—was "straddled," had shells exploding both above and below it. From that instant till the guns ceased to roar, seventy or eighty seconds later, the shells burst, lacing the air with golden glimmers, and meshed the flying raider in a fiery net.

For a few seconds it seemed to me that, close-woven as was the net of shell-bursts, the flashes came hardly as fast as the roar of the guns would seem to warrant, and I swept the heavens with my glasses in a search for other possible targets. But no other raider was in sight; there was no other "nodal center" of gun-fire and searchlights. Suddenly the reason for the apparent discrepancy was clear to me. The flashes I saw (except for a few of the shrapnel bullets they were releasing) were only the misses; the hits I could not see. The long-awaited test was at its crucial stage. Empty of bombs and with half of its fuel consumed, the raider was at the zenith of its flight, and yet the guns were ranging it with ease. It was now a question

of how much shell-fire the Zeppelin could stand.

In spite of the fact that the airship—so far as I could see through my glasses—did not appear to slow down or to be perceptibly racked by the gun-fire, I have no doubt what the end would have been if the test could have been pressed to its conclusion in an open country. But bringing a burning Zeppelin down across three or four blocks of thickly settled London was hardly a thing the Air Defense desired to do if it could possibly be avoided. The plan was carried to its conclusion with the almost mathematical precision that marked the preliminary searchlight work and gunnery.

From the moment that it had burst into sight the raider had been emitting clouds of white gas to hide itself from the searchlights and guns, while the plainly visible movements of its lateral planes seemed to indicate that it was making desperate efforts to climb still higher into the thinning upper air. Neither expedient was of much use. The swirling gas clouds might well have obscured a hovering airship, but never one that was rushing through the air at seventy miles an hour, while, far from increasing its altitude, there seemed to be a slight but steady loss from the moment the guns ceased until, two or three miles further along, it was hidden from sight for a minute by a low-hanging cloud. Undoubtedly the aim of the gunners had been to "hole," not to fire the marauder, and it must have been losing gas very rapidly even—as the climacteric moment of the attack approached—at the time increased buoyancy was most desirable.

The "massed" searchlights of London "let go" shortly after the gun-fire ceased, and now, as the raider came within their field, the more scattered lights of the northern suburbs wheeled up and "fastened on." The fugitive changed its course from north

to northeasterly about this time, and the swelling clouds of vapor left behind presently cut off its foreshortened length entirely from my view. A heavy ground mist appeared to prevail beyond the heights to the north, and in the diffused glow of the searchlights that strove to pierce this mask my glasses showed the ghostly shadows of flitting aeroplanes—manœuvring for the death-thrust.

The ground mist (which did not, however, cover London proper) kept the full strength of the searchlights from the upper air, and it was in a sky of almost Stygian blackness that the final blow was sent home. The farmers of Hertfordshire tell weird stories of the detonations of bursting bombs striking their fields, but all these sounds were absorbed in the twenty-mile air-cushion that was now interposed between my vantage point and the final scene of action.

Not a sound, not a shadow heralded the flare of yellow light which suddenly flashed out in the northeastern heavens and spread latitudinally until the whole body of a Zeppelin—no small object even at twenty miles—stood out in glowing incandescence. Then a great sheet of pink-white flame shot up, and in the ripples of rosy light which suffused the earth for scores of miles I could read the gilded lettering on my binoculars. This was undoubtedly the explosion of the ignited hydrogen of the main gas-bags, and immediately following it the great frame collapsed in the middle and began falling slowly toward the earth, burning now with a bright yellow flame, above which the curl of black smoke was distinctly visible. A lurid burst of light—doubtless from the exploding petrol tanks—flared up as the flaming mass struck the earth, and half a minute later the night, save for the questing searchlights to east and south, was as black as ever again.

Then perhaps the strangest thing of all occurred. London began to cheer. I should have been prepared for it in Paris, or Rome, or Berlin, or even New York, but that the Briton—who of all men in the world most fears the sound of his own voice lifted in unrestrained jubilation—was really cheering, and in millions, was almost too much. I pinched my arm to be sure that I had not dozed away, and, lost in wonder, forgot for a minute or two the great drama just enacted.

Under my window half a dozen Australian "Tommies" were rending the air with "coo-ees" and dancing around a lamp-post, while all along the street, from doorways and windows, exultant shouting could be heard. For several blocks in all directions the cheers rang out loud and clear, distinctly recognizable as such; the sound of the millions of throats farther afield came only as a heavy rumbling hum. Perhaps since the dawn of creation the air has not trembled with so strange a sound—a sound which, though entirely human in its origin, was still unhuman, unearthly, fantastic. Certainly never before in history—not even during the great volcanic eruptions—has so huge a number of people (the fall of the Zeppelin had been visible through a fifty- to seventy-five-mile radius in all directions, a region with probably from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 inhabitants) been suddenly and intensely stirred by a single event.

It was undoubtedly the spectacularity of the unexpected *coup* that had made these normally repressed millions so suddenly and so violently vocal. Many—perhaps most—stopped cheering when they had had time to realize that a score of human beings were being burned to cinders in the heart of that flaming comet in the northeastern heavens; others—I knew the only recently restored tenements where some of them were—must have shouted in

all the grimmer exultation for that very realization. I can hardly say yet which stirred me more deeply, the fall of the Zeppelin itself or that stupendous burst of feeling aroused by its fall.

By taxi, milk-cart, tram, and any other conveyance that offered, but mostly on foot, I threaded highway and byway for the next four hours, and shortly after daybreak scrambled through the last of a dozen thorny hedgerows and found myself beside the still smouldering wreckage of the fallen raider. An orderly cordon of soldiers surrounding an acre of blackened and twisted metal, miles and miles of tangled wire, and a score or so of Flying Corps men already busily engaged loading the wreckage into waiting motor-lorries—that was about all there was to see. A ten-foot-square green tarpaulin covered all that could be gathered together of the airship's crew. Some of the fragments were readily recognizable as having once been the arms and legs and trunks of men; others were not. A man at my elbow stood gazing at the pitiful heap for a space, his brow puckered in thought. Presently he turned to me, a grim light in his eye, and spoke.

"Do you know," he said, "that

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these" (indicating the charred stumps under the square of canvas) "have just recalled to me the words Count Zeppelin is reported to have used at a great mass meeting called in Berlin to press for a more rigorous prosecution of the war against England by air, for a further increase of frightfulness? Leading two airship pilots to the front of the platform, he shouted to the crowd, 'Here are two men who were over London last night!' And the assembled thousands, so the dispatch said, roared their applause and clamored that the Zeppelins be sent again and again until the arrogant Englanders were brought to their knees. Well"—he paused and drew a deep breath as his eyes returned to the heap of blackened fragments—"it appears that they *did* send the Zeppelins again—more than ever were sent before—and now it is *our* turn to be presented to 'the men who were over London last night.' I wonder if the flare that consumed these poor devils was bright enough to pierce the black night that has settled over Germany?"

The tenseness passed out of the night—and the raid was over. Who knows but what, so far as the threat to England is concerned, the passing of a Zeppelin marked also the passing of the Zeppelin!

Lewis R. Freeman.

NOT EXACTLY ON THE CARDS.

BY ÆSCULAPIUS.

I.

"Cheer-o, Lingate!" murmured several wardroom officers of H.M.S. *Alcibiades*.

"Cheer-o, everybody!" responded the subaltern of marines, who was having a birthday. "In a quarter of an hour," he sighed, glancing at his wrist-watch, "I've got to go on night

patrol.—I say, doc.," he said, brightening, "I'll play you a round of whisky poker. If I win, you'll give me the pleasure of your company on patrol. If you're the lucky one, I'll stand you 'bubbly' tomorrow night."

"Your cheek is colossal," Staff-Surgeon Michael O'Brien said; "but,

to northeasterly about this time, and the swelling clouds of vapor left behind presently cut off its foreshortened length entirely from my view. A heavy ground mist appeared to prevail beyond the heights to the north, and in the diffused glow of the searchlights that strove to pierce this mask my glasses showed the ghostly shadows of flitting aeroplanes—manœuvring for the death-thrust.

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"Your cheek is colossal," Staff-Surgeon Michael O'Brien said; "but,

in view of the auspicious occasion, I'm inclined to accommodate you."

The cards were dealt out.

"Confound your cunning!" O'Brien said, making a grimace.

"Hurrah!" shouted the onlookers.

"Good work, Lingate!" the senior watchkeeper commended; "and please to do all you can to enlighten the medical branch as to the nocturnal mysteries of our glorious service."

II.

"Come along, doc.," Lingate urged, as soon as the staff-surgeon appeared on deck in his British "warm"; "the drifter is waiting."

A couple of the drifter's deck-hands held a ladder in position while the two officers descended. Several young seamen from the *Alcibiades* were already on board.

"Shove off, skipper!" Lingate ordered.

The skipper signaled the engine-room to go slow ahead.

It was still light, and there were hundreds of men on the deck of the *Alcibiades*. Some walked the fo'c'sle; others talked and smoked in groups; a few leaned over the ship's side.

"Blime me, Bill," one of them said, "if it isn't a fine night for patrol!"

O'Brien thought so too. "It's my own dear Old Ireland they remind me of," he said tenderly, alluding to the hills and mountains which loomed up through the clear air.

The subaltern of marines' thoughts took a more practical turn. "Leading Seaman Morrow," he called.

"Yes, sir," the young sailor said, coming up and saluting.

"How many rifles have you aboard?"

"Six, sir."

"Ground them in front of the wheelhouse, and arrange your watches. And, Morrow," Lingate said to him as he was turning away, "you may carry on smoking."

"Thank you, sir."

"Have a fag, doc.," Lingate said, offering the staff-surgeon his cigarette-case.

"Thanks."

Lingate held a lighted match for the staff-surgeon between the palms of his hands. They puffed a few minutes in silence.

"A night like this makes life seem worth while in the navy," O'Brien remarked.

There was something soothing, too, in the steady throb of the engines, and they both felt a thrill of conscious pride in being out there, helping to shield the fleet from those sudden thrusts which modern warfare renders possible.

"All the same, doc.," Lingate said, voicing the traditional moan of his branch, "I don't think the sea is any place for a soldier."

"My lad," the staff-surgeon replied, "forget that you are a soldier, and concentrate all your ability on being a sailor. Meantime we might go below and see what these people's mess looks like."

III.

A narrow hatchway led down to an oval-shaped compartment where the crew of the drifter lived. The place was brightly lighted by an acetylene-gas burner. A linoleum-covered table stood in the center, the damp surface of which a deck-hand continued to rub for some minutes after they had entered.

"Good-evening to you," O'Brien said, as they sat down.

"Eh, what's that?" muttered a man with a yellow beard and red, inflamed-looking eyes, who had been dozing in his bunk, and who promptly subsided into a state of somnolence.

"Good-evening, sir," genially answered a young Scotsman who was reading in one of the opposite bunks.

"Well, how do you like your present life?" the staff-surgeon asked him.

"I'd rather be fishing," he replied.

"But think of the glory you're achieving. The papers are full of the gallant part your branch is playing in the navy's work."

"That may be," said the man, unabashed; "but it doesn't bring me any nearer to Broughty Ferry."

"And where may that be?" O'Brien inquired.

"It's in the Firth of Tay."

"But surely it's very dull there."

"It's the grandest place in the world for me," the fisherman said simply; "it's where my wife and child are." He put his hand under the pillow, and pulled out a post-card photo, which he handed to the staff-surgeon. "That's them," he said proudly.

O'Brien regarded it intently. "It's the eternal conflict between hearth and empire," he mused. "Never mind," he assured the fisherman; "it'll seem like another honeymoon when you get back."

"Indeed, it's long enough for that now, sir," the man said wistfully.

"Beg pardon, sir," Leading Seaman Morrow said, thrusting his head in, and addressing the young soldier, "would you mind coming on deck?"

"Right-o," responded Lingate.—
"Coming, doc.?"

IV.

It was now quite dark; and as they made their way cautiously to the starboard side of the drifter the seaman said apologetically, "I don't know whether I ought to have bothered you, sir, but I thought I saw a craft of some sort moving to leeward of Lowther's Island."

Lingate peered intently into the darkness through his binoculars. "You're quite right, Morrow," he said; "she's creeping along in a westerly direction."

Morrow heaved a sigh of relief. He

had the sailor's dread of being accused of "seeing things."

"Skipper," Lingate commanded, "we must cut her off."

The skipper's answer was to ring "Full speed ahead," and to shout down the voice-pipe, "Give her all the steam you can."

The drifter gave a perceptible bound ahead, and the bearings began to squeak as the engines were forced on. In about half an hour they had neared a projecting point of the island, and they could then make out one of those gallant little vessels which the war has made so familiar to everybody, with her high bow and receding stern, and taut brown sail set up on the mainmast.

"Trawler ahoy!" Lingate called out; "stop! Who are you?"

"We're the hospital trawler *Industry*," the skipper responded from the wheelhouse window in a broad Scotch voice. "There's been a sea-plane accident off Bell's Point, and we're taking the injured man to the hospital ship."

By this time the two vessels were side by side, and the figures of several men were visible on the deck of the trawler.

"Perhaps I ought to have a look at him?" the staff-surgeon suggested.

"Oh, I think he's all right," the skipper said.

"The devil you do!" O'Brien replied. "Are you a surgeon?"

"No, sir," the skipper said.

"Well, I am," O'Brien stoutly asserted.

The skipper hesitated. "Of course, if you think so, you may see him," he said; "but my orders were to make all possible speed."

"Orders from whom?" the staff-surgeon inquired.

"The people," he answered, "who brought the man down."

"All the same, I'd better see him,"

O'Brien said decidedly, stepping from one vessel to the other.—"I'll only be a minute, Lingate," he called back to the young soldier.—"I suppose he's for'ard?" the staff-surgeon said to the skipper, indicating the shelter used for stowing away tackle.

"No, sir," replied the skipper; then, talking in a low voice to one of his crew, "Show the doctor the way, Jock."

V.

"Aren't you pursuing a rather unusual course to the hospital ship, skipper?" the young soldier asked suspiciously, after he had waited for about ten minutes for the staff-surgeon to return.

"Oh, no, sir," the skipper replied. "I only wanted to skirt the fleet on account of the possibility of night firing."

"It seems to me you're running into it," Lingate said fretfully.

At this moment Jock reappeared. He looked at the young soldier earnestly, and said slowly and methodically, as if he had an impediment in his speech, "The doctor sends word to say he'll see the patient to the hospital ship. We're to shove off immediately, as time is precious."

"This is damn funny!" the young soldier muttered. "However, I suppose it's all right. You may proceed," he said to the skipper grudgingly.

"Ay, ay, sir," the latter answered.

The deck-hands were about to cast off the lines which held the two vessels together, when there occurred one of those seemingly trifling incidents which often decide the fate of great issues. The *Industry* blew off steam, and Lingate fancied he heard a distinctly German oath.

"Stop the steam escaping," angrily shouted the skipper down the voice-pipe.

"It's probably pure imagination," the young soldier exclaimed; "but I'm

going to investigate this funny old trawler."—"Men of the *Alcibiades*," he ordered in incisive tones, "take up arms."

They lined up with their rifles ready.

"Ready! Board!" commanded Lingate.

They flung themselves over the side of the vessel. When they reached the deck of the *Industry* half-a-dozen pairs of arms suddenly grappled with them in such a way that the rifles were held in a vise, and before they could wrench themselves free they were ordered to put up their hands. As for the young soldier, an unlucky slip sent him sprawling, and gave the skipper an opportunity of hurling himself upon Lingate, and pinning him to the deck.

VI.

"We thought it best to put him in our mess, where it's warm, sir," Jock said, conducting the staff-surgeon aft. "You'll find him in one of the bunks, sir," he added, as he held the door open at the foot of the ladder.

O'Brien entered a compartment very similar to the one he had visited in the patrol, only larger. Jock quickly reascended the ladder, and a moment later there was a dull thud above as the hatch-cover fell into position over the ladder.

The staff-surgeon paid no attention to this strategy on the part of Jock till, a moment later, he found no patient, and all the bunks unoccupied.

The ever-changing nature of naval life develops a contempt for surprises of all sorts, but in the present instance the staff-surgeon was startled. "This is a pretty kettle of fish!" he exclaimed as he went up the ladder, and put his shoulder to the hatch-cover, only to find it securely fastened and immovable. "There must be a conspiracy on foot."

Now, O'Brien was accustomed to the avernian-like spaces at the bottom

of a ship. His medical dressing-station during action in the *Alcibiades* was below the water-line, and, when all the watertight doors were closed, coming up on deck for a whiff of fresh air or to succor the wounded was like extricating one's self from a Hampton Court maze in the darkness of an anti-Zeppelin night. He therefore proceeded in a methodical way to find an outlet. There was a trap-door in the deck of the messroom, and, raising this, he squeezed himself into the small space below, and by means of his electric torch discovered a small door in the bulkhead. Through this opening he began to make his way along a narrow passage which ran on one side of the boiler. "It's as hot down here as if Old Nick himself were stoking," he muttered, as he crawled along, finally reaching the entrance in the forward bulkhead which led to the hold. Entering on all-fours, he stood upright, and balanced himself on a couple of round objects beneath him. At the same time he flashed his torch about him.

"Jehoshaphat!" he exclaimed, as the significance of the many iron spheres, with their sinister-looking horns, was forced upon him; "if I haven't struck a mine-field!"

O'Brien shuddered as the sound of muffled groans reached him from the starboard side of the hold. Cautiously treading his way between the mines, he came to a space which was partially screened off, and, to his astonishment, found several men there bound and gagged. Searching for a jackknife among them, he cut the cords which bound them, and removed the gags from their mouths.

"Who are you, and what has happened to you?" he asked, after they had assumed the erect position.

"I'm the skipper of the *Industry*," one of them said, "and these are my crew. A couple of hours ago we were

tied up alongside of Bell's Pier, when a fishing-smack came in with these scoundrels on board. We were just about turning in, but before we knew where we were they had overpowered us and deposited us down here. They afterwards stowed away these mines, using our own tackle to do it with," he concluded bitterly.

"Well, my lads, you've been hardly treated," the staff-surgeon said; "but you may yet have your revenge. I'll see how the land lies up top before telling you how. Meantime arm yourselves with marline-spikes and whatever implements you can lay your hands on," he ordered.—"Tell me first, skipper," he inquired, "is there another hatchway besides this?" pointing to a large planked-over opening above them.

"Yes, sir," the skipper replied; "there's a small one for'ard," indicating the bow, where O'Brien was able to make out the dim outlines of a ladder leading up to it. "It comes out just in front of the shelter," the skipper explained.

"Good!" O'Brien said, raising himself up on the mines, and cautiously pushing up one of the planks which covered the hold. It was fast becoming light, the two vessels were still together, and he was just in time to witness the lamentable failure of the young soldier's offensive. Letting the plank down again, he addressed the men in the hold.

"Our situation is a critical one," he told them. "They've practically got our people in their power; but I think I see a way out. As Nelson said, 'the boldest way is the safest way,' and what I propose to do is this. By means of a ruse I hope to make them drop their arms. What I want you to do is to go on deck by way of the forward hatch. The shelter will screen you, and when I say, 'Now then!' you're to pounce on them as if you

were possessed with a thousand devils, and overcome them the best way you can. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the skipper; "you leave it to us"; and they prepared to act in accordance with his instructions.

VII.

"Disarm them," ordered an authoritative voice just as the head of Staff-Surgeon Michael O'Brien appeared above the hatchway but a few feet from where Lingate and his men were in such an awkward predicament.

"Wait a moment!" thundered the staff-surgeon.

The melancholy wail of the seagulls on the island and the flapping of the waves against the trawler were the only sounds that broke the stillness, as the crowd on deck held themselves rigidly, and waited in strained expectancy for what was to follow.

"You know the hold is full of mines," O'Brien shouted, "because you put them there yourselves. I have my foot on one of the horns, the pressing of which will cause it and all the others to explode. It's for you to decide whether or not we go to glory together. My terms are simple. You drop your arms, and I'll come on deck."

There was a hurried whispering among them, and some angry expostulations. Finally O'Brien said impatiently, "What's your answer? Do you agree? Who's in command? I don't believe he is," meaning the erstwhile skipper.

There were a couple of sharp thuds, as of revolvers being dropped.

"Now then!" The staff-surgeon intended adding "hurry up"; but the fatal words for which his confederates were waiting had been spoken. There was the patter of many unbooted feet, and hoarse cries from several infuriated throats. Simultaneously the clear tones of the young fisherman's voice rang out, "At them, my lads!" Under

cover of a powerful stream of water, which he directed so as almost to knock friend and foe prostrate, the deck-hands of the patrol sprang across just in time to join forces with O'Brien's demons. The effect was pandemonium, and they pounded the common enemy force into insensibility.

"Look out for our own people," the fisherman warned them, as with fire-hose in hand he followed his mates across the trawler.

"Stop!" roared the staff-surgeon; "they've had enough. A few minutes more, and you will have them in the mortuary instead of in my lovely little operating-room in the *Alcibiades*."

The young soldier and his men began to secure their prisoners.

"Thanks awfully, doc.," the sub. murmured, "for getting me out of a very nasty fix."

"Don't mention it," O'Brien said. "I've always been noted for the munificence of my birthday gifts," he added somewhat sardonically.

"You may shove off," Lingate said to the skipper of the patrol; "we'll return to our ship in the *Industry*."

"What's your name?" O'Brien asked the young Scotch fisherman, as the latter left the trawler.

"Murray," he replied.

"I'll do what I can to get you leave for that honeymoon of yours, Murray," O'Brien called out, as the two vessels were parting.

"Thank you, sir," Murray said gratefully.

VIII.

When they had got under way in the *Industry* the staff-surgeon began to examine the prisoners, who were beginning to show signs of returning consciousness. "They may wear cloth caps and fishermen's jerseys," he said, "but they're no more Scotch than I am, and they're more accustomed to the deck of a German warship than they are to a trawler."

"Hello!" he said, as his eye fell on a pair of well-cared-for hands. "Here's a fine signet-ring for a deck-hand." He looked at it closely. "It's the German Eagle," he said. The owner of it was a comely young man with flaxen hair. "He's probably a German naval officer," O'Brien said.

The man opened his eyes. "*Gott im Himmel!*" he exclaimed, attempting to rise.

"Take that," the staff-surgeon ordered, giving him stimulants, "and don't waste your strength."

Then O'Brien took advantage of the psychological fact that a man on regaining consciousness, whether it be from chloroform, or concussion of the brain, or any other form of head injury, will readily answer questions.

"You're in command of these men," O'Brien said, indicating the stricken ones, "and it's easy enough to surmise you came over from the Fatherland in a submarine, captured a fishing-smack, and eventually transferred your mines and your flag to the trawler," he concluded sarcastically. "Is that not so?"

The prisoner nodded sullenly.

"You thought you'd drop the mines in a favorable current, trusting to the early morning tide to carry them against our ships. Am I right?"

Again the man nodded.

"Where and when is the submarine going to meet you again?" the staff-surgeon said suddenly.

"Off Cape Pharaoh at noon tomorrow," he answered.

"You mean today," O'Brien said.

"I suppose so," the officer answered.

"That's all clear enough," O'Brien said; "but what I can't understand
Chambers's Journal.

is how, in the name of all that's holy, you and your myrmidons speak like Scotsmen."

"Learning to speak different dialects," the officer declared, "is part of our Wilhelmstrasse training."

"I hope you don't include Irish in your repertoire?" O'Brien asked.

"Indeed," the officer answered, "Jock speaks it very well."

"If ever I hear him violating the tongue of my forefathers," O'Brien declared savagely, as they came alongside of the *Alcibiades*, "there'll be no more Jock left."

IX.

The officer of the watch accosted them on the quarterdeck.

"You're back early," he said. "I may be wrong, too," he added reflectively; "but it isn't usual to do night patrol in a hospital trawler," referring to the Red Cross flag which flew at the masthead.

"That's not the point," the young soldier snapped. "We've got several prisoners, and they'll need a guard. My further report will be made to the commander himself," he concluded.

"Don't get huffy, old thing!" the officer of the watch said, as he summoned the quartermaster. "Call the captain of marines," he ordered, "and tell him we need some men for sentry duty."

"Very good, sir," the quartermaster said, saluting, and departing on his errand.

"And they're always asking what the navy is doing," O'Brien muttered peevishly, as he went forward to the sick quarters to make arrangements for the reception of the wounded.

JOHN BUCHAN.

Mr. John Buchan has had a variegated career—from a literary point of view. Though only forty-one years

of age he was writing when his contemporaries included R. L. Stevenson, Crockett and Ian Maclaren. Neil

Munro had not given us "The Lost Pibroch" when John Buchan produced "Sir Quixote." Buchan was then—if I mistake not—an undergraduate of Brasenose College, Oxford, whence he had migrated from Glasgow University where he had been capped "Artium Magister with laying on of hands." At Oxford he won the Newdigate Prize, and was President of the Union. "Sir Quixote," though it had touches of distinct individuality, bore strong indications of the influences of Crockett and of Stevenson, but chiefly of Crockett, who, at the date of the publication of "Sir Quixote," was at his zenith. It was a breezy, rugged tale, and immediately sprang to success, but in the closing years of the last century important literary talent was rife, especially among the Scotsmen, and people questioned whether or not the new writer would last—if indeed they considered the matter at all. These were the days of the Yellow Book, Henry Harland, Richard le Gallienne, Kenneth Grahame, John Davidson, and many others whose names are on the roll of fame. Even the paragraph men knew nothing of Buchan, and were unable to mention that he was a Scot of the Scots, a son of a minister of the Gospel in Glasgow, and a man for whom his University friends in the North predicted a great future. He has not failed his prophets.

I do not find that Mr. Buchan on coming to London, about the year 1898, to wrest fame and fortune from the Metropolis, began operations with the legendary initial half-crown, or that he ever slept, in the style of his compatriots Robert Buchanan and David Gray, in the Hotel of the Beautiful Star. These things were not in Buchan's way: he preferred to begin at the top.

Ordinary journalism never claimed him, and anonymous fame had for him no attractions, though for some

time he acted as assistant editor of *The Spectator*, under Mr. St. John Loe Strachey, doing much brilliant unsigned work, out of which Mr. Buchan failed to keep articles on angling. Whenever one saw a fishing article in *The Spectator* in those days one knew that here was the hand of Buchan, the lover of Tweedside from which some of his ancestors came, the man who would infinitely rather be throwing the long line on the pools about Traquair than turning out the necessary paragraphs of a Friday evening for a strenuous and important weekly periodical that seeks to guide the empires on the paths they ought to tread. Buchan was not by nature meant for Fleet Street, and the Street of Misadventure failed to lure him to its inky pavements. This, I think, is a matter of congratulation for all who love letters, but it has to be set on record that of late Buchan has been acting as a Special Correspondent at the Front where he has been doing work of which all Fleet Street is proud. His war copy is free from highly colored passages, and it is with calmness, dispassion, and in pellucid English that he records the happenings. His value as a War Correspondent has been proved beyond question. Russell and Forbes are not his models in this field of work: in fact he seems to have no model here: he just elects to set forth in his own way what he has seen, traditional methods of war reporting being ignored—if known.

Simultaneously with all his work in the field, Mr. Buchan has been writing Nelson's "History of the War," a series in which the strategies and tactics of the Great Adventure are set forth with convincing lucidity and graphic style. Nothing daunted by the immensity of the canvas, Mr. Buchan applies the color with panoramic skill, the result being an impressive picture to rival the *Somme* Film. I

imagine, though, that the work most to Buchan's liking is the writing of books in his study (perhaps in his bed). There he evolved the long list that stands to his credit, and includes "Sir Quixote," "Musa Piscatrix," "Scholar-Gipsies," "John Burnet of Barns," "Gray Weather," "A Lost Lady of Old Years," "The Half-Hearted," "The Watcher by the Threshold," "Prester John," and "The Moon Endureth."

These books cover a period from 1895 till 1912, and almost every successive volume shows an access of strength and skill.

I asked a famous literary critic what he considered to be the outstanding power of Buchan, and he replied without hesitation, "Versatility. The man can write in any style. He can do a Stevenson novel in the best Stevensonian style, he can equal Kipling when Kipling is almost—but not quite—at his best, and he can out-Crockett Crockett. Also, he can do the dime sensational line with the best of them—witness his new books "The Power House" and "The Thirty-nine Steps," which proved a big draw as a serial in a Manchester Sunday paper.

"If you are writing about Buchan be careful to make clear that there are no limits to him, and that one never knows the metier in which he will next be found acquiring distinction and success."

Though traces of Barrie, Maclaren, Munro, and Stevenson are found in Buchan's books I should say that the chief influence on his work, as on those other writers, was Sir Walter Scott. I cannot point to many passages of Buchan that are frankly due to Scott, but "by and large" Scott is the source of his inspiration. From Scott he derives the dramatic and the sense of spaciousness that comes into play when he writes about Scotland and South

Africa. The eeriness comes direct from Stevenson. Humor does not abound, and what there is has the dry East Coast epigrammatic flavor. With a keener sense of humor Buchan would of course be a greater man. But it is with Buchan as he is, not with Buchan as he might have been, that we have to deal, and we are thankful for such works as "John Burnet of Barns" and "Prester John."

"Prester John," I find, is generally regarded as his leading book. This is not surprising, because though it does not contain much of his most arresting writing, we have in "Prester John" a thrilling tale told with eloquence and force. The opening scenes are in Fife-shire, of which county Mr. Buchan has knowledge, and one of the ablest things he has done is the description of the colored parson at devil worship on the moonlit beach. Davie Crawford, a son of the manse at Kirkecappie, saw the black man at his devotions, and it is in Africa that the two meet again. The black minister is the reincarnation of Prester John, a monarch whose aim was to hold all Africa in his sway. When Davie, from Kirkecappie (Kirkcaldy, I believe, where the author spent his school days), re-encounters the black minister, Davie is the keeper of an up-country store along with an elderly alcoholized individual called Japp. This old man is etched with few and powerful strokes. One sympathizes with him rather than hates him, and perhaps this is not the intention of Mr. Buchan in regard to this rum-swilling, illicit-diamond-buying old ruffian. Adventures of the thrilling order abound in "Prester John"—a capital book for boys—and in it one sees another influence on Mr. Buchan's literary output—that of Rider Haggard. All about the caves, the underground river, and the torch-lit assembly of the chiefs is, of course, sheer Haggard, told with a Buchanese

accuracy of phrase and absence of rhodomontade. The book contains beautiful South African cameos. This, for example:

The Spring of the Blue Wildbeeste was a clear, rushing mountain torrent, which swirled over blue rocks into deep fern-fringed pools. All around was a table-land of lush grass and marigolds and arum lilies instead of daisies and buttercups. Thickets of tall trees dotted the hill slopes and patched the meadows as if some landscape gardener had been at work on them. Beyond, the glen fell steeply to the plains, which ran out in a faint haze to the horizon. To North and South I marked the sweep of the Berg, now rising high to a rocky peak and now stretching in a level rampart of blue. On the very edge of the plateau where the road dipped for the descent stood the shanties of Blaauwildebeestefontein. The fresh hill air had exhilarated my mind, and the aromatic scents of the evening gave the last touch of intoxication. Whatever serpent might lurk in it, it was a veritable Eden I had come to.

An example of his verses (a medium in which he has made but few adventures) is the Dedication of "Prester John" to Sir Lionel Phillips:

Time, they say, must the best of us
capture,
And travel and battle and gems and
gold
No more can kindle the ancient rap-
ture,
For even the youngest of hearts
grow old.
But in you, I think, the boy is not over,
So take this medley of ways and wars
As the gift of a friend and a fellow-lover
Of the fairest country under the stars.

It has to be noted that this "fairest country" is South Africa.

Though engaging in regard to South Africa (where he was Private Secretary to Lord Milner, then High Commissioner), Buchan is at his best in books

that deal with Scotland, of which he has said in a Dedication:

Scotland is a wide place to travel in for those who believe that it is not bounded strictly by kirk and market place, and who have an ear for old ways and lost romances. It is of the back-world of Scotland that I write, the land behind the mist and over the seven bens, a place hard of access for the foot passenger, but easy for the maker of stories.

"The Thirty-nine Steps" is to have a sequel, "Greenmantle," a sound piece of work in the same *genre*, but presently, when war work ceases from troubling, Mr. Buchan will no doubt return to his early field and tell us once again in his own distinguished manner of that out-of-the-way elusive Scotland of which he writes with profound affection.

"A Lodge in the Wilderness" was a direct outcome of his residence in South Africa, and it gives a noteworthy picture of the present and the possibilities of that part of the world, and from his experience there came also "The African Colony: Studies in Reconstruction." Apparently Mr. Buchan has ambitions towards statesmanship or diplomacy, but I should say that there is in him too much romance to fit him for either of these activities. It is not safe to predict what may be the future of a man of Buchan's brilliance. A curious point concerning him is that he is an expert on statistics. If he goes to Westminster his knowledge of figures will prove a big advantage to him in Budget debates.

All the leading Scottish writers of recent years are easy to "place." Barrie pursues one definite line, Crockett seldom diverged from a well-defined path, Maclaren was never really round the corner from the Kailyard, Neil Munro is true to Romance (except when he is writing under the name of Hugh Foulis), and Ian Hay

writes sympathetically of Scotland from the point of view of a cultured Oxford Scot. Africa laid Buchan under her charms, much as the Pacific influenced Robert Louis Stevenson, but Stevenson's best books are about Scotland, and Buchan, like Stevenson, will ultimately seek inspiration from the land that gave him birth. His versatility is a matter he should guard against, and he should remember that while "The Power House" and "The Thirty-nine Steps" are excellent in their way—and doubtless good sellers—they are not the worthiest work for him. He should get back to the Scotland that has passed away, and give us another "John Burnet of Barns." It was not in Middle Temple Gardens that he learned such expressions as "He's as fou as the Baltic," and the works of John Buchan would be brightened by the inclusion of many more old-fashioned phrases from the North. Mr. Buchan, like Sir James Barrie, must have heard a great deal of old Scottish lore and sayings, and he should write them down before he forgets. Scotland claims Buchan as one of her leading authors, and looks to see him go on from strength to strength.

Mr. Buchan is no recluse or midnight-oil toiler: he is all for the open air
The Bookman.

life, and has made a name for himself as a mountaineer and a shot, as well as an angler. Fortunately he has written no disputatious volume on the merits of the dry fly as compared with the wet, though I happen to know that he is skilled in the manipulation of both. He is as much at home on the Itchen or the Test as on a brawling Highland burn. In his books there are many references which prove his knowledge of fishing, shooting, and cliff work on mountain sides.

His literary career resembles the military and political career of Mr. Winston Churchill in point of variety and effectiveness, and the future of Mr. Buchan is just as hard to predict as that of Mr. Churchill. Both have many years to go. Mr. Buchan is very fully occupied in directing the affairs of the publishing house of Nelson, but it is difficult to imagine any kind of occupation or activity that will restrain him from following his true bent, that of writing fiction. After the war there may be no conspicuously heavy demand for fiction dealing with feuds and wars of the old times, but Mr. Buchan may give us the really big fiction books about the war that is still in progress. He is one of the few important novelists who have seen it at close quarters.

David Hodge.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

The war, which has changed the world, has brought about an innovation in our Government which seems derived from the practice of France under the early Jacobins. When one of these gentlemen desired power or office with which the State had omitted to endow him, he occasionally nominated himself for the position. To this French precedent Mr. Lloyd George has added an English example.

He proposed to divide the Coalition Cabinet into two parts. The first and unimportant part was to consist of the Prime Minister and his colleagues. The second and vital part was to consist of himself and three inconspicuous civil associates, and was to be charged with the sole direction of the war. It appears that the governing King was to yield to the reigning King a nominal veto on the proceedings of his super-

Cabinet. The point is of no consequence. The veto would have gone the way of all vetoes, Royal and otherwise. It would have been used to fix Mr. George's primacy, and place his late chief at the mercy of the War Directorate. The demand on Mr. Asquith was therefore not only to debase himself, but to serve, shorn and blinded, in the temple of his real successor. So that Mr. Asquith might make no mistake on this point, Mr. George proposed to add the management of Foreign Affairs to his control of the war, and to exclude from the Cabinet both the closest personal friends of the Prime Minister, including Lord Grey and Mr. McKenna, and the Elder Unionist Statesmen, like Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, of whom he disapproved. Thus for the second time in British history it was proposed to set up a dictatorship within the Cabinet, but hardly of it, stripping the historic office of Prime Minister of all dignity, authority, and constitutional right. We are invited to believe that the victim of the plot was ready to become its accomplice, and that in some form of written or spoken acquiescence Mr. Asquith consented to play the part of Newcastle to Mr. George's Pitt—a Pitt of Printing House Square. We cannot credit that assertion. The proposal was an invitation to Mr. Asquith to declare himself unfit to carry on the war, and therefore to preside over the Government formed for that purpose, and for that purpose only. We believe, on the contrary, that Mr. Asquith declined, with the vehement assent of all his Liberal colleagues, and the approval at least of all his Unionist associates save one. He accepted the smaller war council which Mr. George demanded, but insisted on his own Chairmanship, only to be met by Mr. George's resignation, and the following secession of the Unionist members of the Cabinet.

The end of the long mutiny, therefore, has come. The hand which made the Coalition has struck it down; and now aspires to run its successor with such help as he can command from its relics, from a tremendous straddle between Tory Imperialism and Labor, and from the Parliamentary snipers to whom he has long been signaler-in-chief.

This is the brief story of Mr. George's climb, or rather spring, to the Premiership. We have long thought this issue inevitable. Mr. George has not beaten the Germans, but he has destroyed two British Governments and some liberties of the British people, and his bustling vigor and adroitness have impressed themselves on the popular mind in contrast with Lord Northcliffe's hourly presentation of his colleagues as a mass of senility and incompetence. This falsity, with its quantum of truth, now stands for trial. The country will do much to win the war, and from the weakness of the Coalition in itself, and from the exaggerated picture of that weakness which the great new demagoguery of print has produced, there has sprung the hope that Mr. George may be the man to do it. He has at least the power to show what is in him. He will, we have no doubt, shortly command a kind of emergency Cabinet. It can hardly be compounded of as good material as that of the fallen Government. It might have been so compounded had Mr. George secured the confidence of the men who have sat with him in council and tested his powers of work and character. This element of power in British statesmanship is denied him. On the other hand, he is a true personality of the hour. It has made him; his audacities of manipulation excite and please, and even inspire men with hope. He has played tricks with the Constitution. What of it? Wars are not

won by phrases and formulæ and associations of Elder Statesmen; the Prussian will to conquer must rather be met on our part by a corresponding alertness and single-minded concentration of purpose. Mr. George's appeal is to this simple instinct, which will now be satisfied or dissatisfied. He has views of the campaign which we do not accept, but which he can now impress on his friends if he will. The very weakness and paucity of his Cabinet will be taken as a certificate of merit and a guarantee of swift decisions. His colleagues will be items in his personal procession, significant chiefly as symbols of how easily power passes from one class to another, and of how little the country reeks of tradition. The mass of the public neither knows nor cares for these details of politica' management. It longs for success, or for emergence from the shadow of failure, and divines with a certain truth of feeling that no such guide existed in the divided will and compromising tactics of the Coalition.

By this simple test the new George Ministry will stand or fall. It is a leap in the dark. It has no party behind it—neither Toryism, nor Liberalism, nor Nationalism, nor (let there be no mistake about it) Labor. The House of Commons will yield its money, but hardly a blank check. The sensational press from which it drew its breath will foster its child or disown it as interest dictates, or according to its shallow reading of the terrible event in which the world and the Empire are involved. The new Government is likely to be poorly equipped in some of the elements of a right handling of the war—in knowledge, experience, and the mutual and intimate loyalties born of long and good leadership. Genius of a vital character, such as we may well hope Mr. George may develop, may overleap these obstacles of

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form and association. But his Administration will encounter one serious disability on the threshold of its existence. Its Chief possesses in a peculiar degree the confidence of men of all classes who talk about the war, but do not fight it. He is, we suppose, the elect of the man in the street. He is still more evidently the choice of the man in the club window, the elderly well-to-do but largely retired class of *rentiers* and officials whose vision is more of the Britain that was than of that which is and is to come. But his more definite lack is the support of organized labor. Mr. George has endeavored to remedy this fatal flaw by a rapidly improvised deal with the Labor Party. Toryism and Socialism are to be joined; and the great trick-rider of our politics is to bestride these two horses, and guide them to some goal of social reconstruction. The policy of this strange alliance is industrial conscription. For the country's sake and his own, we hope that Mr. George will recognize that in this policy lurk perils of unconceived magnitude, and that his main reliance must be on the persuasiveness which once made him a great figure in democracy. Mr. Asquith might have imposed forced industrial service; Mr. George cannot.

We will make a further reservation. The new Government is not brought in to make a peace. Peace must issue from a deeper call to the needs of the nation and Europe than can be heard today, and from a finer resort to its intelligence and conscience than Mr. George can supply. His Ministry has had a somewhat violent and heedless birth. But a great cause is committed to its keeping, and we hope it will be prudently sustained. Mr. George will be his own Premier; he will do well not to be his own Commander-in-Chief. We suppose his War Council of four can now disappear. Like the fishing-

net which hung above the Cardinal's chair, and reminded all men of his humility and pride in his simple origin, it has caught the fish for the aspiring Pope. Having got one swiftly-deciding man of action at the head of affairs, the country may be invited to say that the muzzle devised for Mr. Asquith may be removed, and the head of a British Cabinet be allowed to govern it. The new Prime Minister will decide the general policy of the war on the advice of the military and naval chiefs. Grave will be his responsibility if he counters that advice on points in which the considered views of our best strategists have been concentrated in the findings of the General Staff. Mr. George has the genius of improvisation, and we shall not belittle it; but all Germany's greater strokes of war have been the fruit of long calculation; and method and knowledge are the true constituents of the soil in which they grew. So long as these are lacking we may change our Governments as we will, but we shall not win the war.

The Nation.

FOOD DICTATORSHIP.

Mr. Asquith, with whom a nice discrimination in words is an effective Parliamentary weapon, does not like the word dictator. And let us at once admit that it is what Halifax would have called an "uncivil" word, suggesting to our easy-going insular mind jack-booted arrogance.

For all that, dictatorship in fact, if not in form, is necessary to meet the situation created by the food shortage; and, though there is yet no controller, we have already pretty drastic instalments of control. The Government has at last seen what everybody else saw long ago, that lectures and posters are futile. A few people, a very few, will give up their comforts and luxuries on public grounds; but these are precisely the people—men of imagination and intellect—least prone to indulgence at any time. The ordinary man will give up his life rather than his bottle of wine; the woman who reads of her husband's death with breaking heart and tearless eyes will be furious if ordered to mourn him in unmodish weeds. These are the ironical inconsistencies of human nature, and they must be accepted. The experience of every warring country in every age has

shown that, while courage is the commonest of human virtues, self-restraint is the most rare.

If such is the case with the educated, can it be regarded as a marvel that the poor, with more money than they have ever commanded, should eat and drink without regard for freights and the American exchange? If a Cabinet Minister had ever studied his own wife, his butler, or himself—if he had applied a little homely common-sense to the envisagement of economic problems—the Government would have been saved many blunders and the country an immense burden of unnecessary indebtedness.

It is a pity that even now food control is being applied piecemeal; there is no broad, comprehensive, well-considered plan, and the measures announced, excellent as is their intention, show a certain lack of grip. How, for example, is the "meatless day" to be enforced in private houses? It is easy enough to prevent the butchers opening one day a week; easy enough to decree *maigre* at the restaurants and hotels; but who is to see that no chop, or steak, or fowl, or pheasant graces a family table? Unless every woman

is to be an informer on her neighbors, the thing is impossible. The only practical way, perhaps, of reducing meat consumption in private families is to make each person an allowance, after the German fashion. That is not a prospect to be viewed with pleasure, but we may come to it. We must remember, too, that the German system is far from a success, and has led to endless muddles.

The restaurant regulations seem reasonable so far as they go. The trade can bear without hardship the limitation of prices to officers and the cutting down of extravagant bills of fare. These places, far from suffering a contraction of patronage through the war, are more crowded than ever; the difficulty of getting servants has changed our social habits and driven people to take their meals abroad. Prices can bear a large reduction; sixpence for a potato and nine shillings for a pheasant—these are recent figures—seem more than adequate. If a saving must be made to maintain dividends, it can be effected by cutting out the music: to some people a source of anguish, it is for the rest a luxury meet for sacrifice in war-time.

The discrimination against course meals, on the other hand, seems to have affinity to the Puritan's objection to bear-baiting, "not because it gave pain to the bears, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." To the stern democrat a multitude of courses may imply Vitellian gluttony; but in cold fact such meals are chiefly a debauch of china. The plain man, sitting down to the steak he would call modest, eats a good deal more meat than the diner who picks trifles from an hour-long procession of plates. We are reminded of the story of the greedy jockey in the Soho restaurant, who

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turned to his entertainer after one meal with: "I say, have another with me." On the whole, we should say there is less waste connected with a reasonable elaboration of menu than with the so-called simple meal; the French household's three plats and soup are certainly more economical than the carnivorous monotony of the average British lower middle-class table.

Finally, whatever regulations are made, they must, if they are to serve any useful purpose, be strictly applied everywhere and to all classes. The Non-Treating Order is an example of a general edict by no means universally enforced. The public will, we believe, cheerfully accept restrictions on their liberty when convinced of their necessity, especially as the already far from luxurious meals of our soldiers are to be further simplified. But a strong law only partially enforced is far less effective than a weaker law made good; and the meatless day, if it permits infractions by the well-to-do, while it penalizes the small day-to-day shopper, will set up a feeling of irritation scarcely compensated by the saving.

Otherwise, the moral effect of a war maigre will be, perhaps, its most important side. It will make all classes realize that some sacrifice is demanded by the war; and a walk down any of the great shopping streets of London reveals that such realization is still far from general. We have never been able to understand why the Government has refrained from the simple measures required to check an extravagance in dress which goes beyond even the wild absurdity of peace-time. If economy is to be enforced all round, the shopping areas of the West End of London would seem to offer a most promising field for a Dress Controller.

THE ALLIES' ATTITUDE TO PEACE.

Germany's Note to the Powers at war with her, offering them terms of peace, sets out the standpoint from which the offer purports to be made. It is that Germany has throughout been defending herself against aggression; that she has had great successes; that her enemies have now no prospect of defeating her; and that to obviate further bloodshed she offers more lenient terms than might have been anticipated, with the hope that they will be accepted in the same spirit. The peace is to be that of a victorious Germany, retaining a portion of her conquests, but sacrificing others from alleged motives of humanitarianism and economy, rather than from any fear lest the wheel of Fortune may turn.

Those who admit the German standpoint to be correct can only assent to the German conclusion. If there were no prospect of defeating her, there could be no advantage in prolonging the struggle. If, too, she is really a law-abiding, pledge-keeping, unaggressive Power, who merely defended herself against attack, what harm would there be in conceding to her the means and bases for fresh aggression, since her character would be a guarantee against their misuse? Supposing, on the other hand, we regard the defeat of Germany not as something impossible, but as something calculably certain within a measurable time; supposing we look upon the war as essentially a war of German aggression; supposing we consider the Prussian military despotism, which up to the present stage of the struggle has greatly increased both its domestic prestige inside Germany and its grip on the dependent nationalities, and which has manifested its contempt for engagements, scruples, humanity, morality and civilization in a degree not

exceeded by Napoleon himself, to be a power beyond the pale of safe negotiation till it is defeated: then it becomes obvious that no terms proposed by the enemy today are likely to prove anything but an attempt to play on our feelings of war-weariness, and to cozen out of us a bad peace now in place of a good peace which we might dictate six, nine, or twelve months later.

No statesman will in such a situation close the door to peace until he is satisfied that the parade of the enemy's terms does not conceal a possibility of obtaining peace on his own. The shortening of the war is supremely desirable; and we should naturally be glad to shorten it by diplomacy instead of by war, provided that the terms of its ending are the right ones. Equally, however, it is true that no statesman who knows his business on our side will for a single unnecessary moment keep the peace-door standing idly ajar. Germany's course is not motivated chiefly by any hope of our taking her terms. Her hope is rather that we may go on discussing them and discussing substitutes for them till we fall out over the discussion. She knows that we are an Alliance of no less than five Great Powers and five smaller ones, and she appreciates a great deal better than most English newspapers do the difficulty of keeping such a combination together. The difficulty consists not merely in the fact that the particular war interests of the particular Powers (as distinguished from the supreme common interest which unites them) are different, and in a few cases even conflicting, but in the fact that their cohesion depends from moment to moment on their mutual confidence in each other's good faith and steadfast-

ness of purpose. If this confidence were sapped; if special consideration affected by Germany for one or other Ally or group of Allies were responded to by its Press or public opinion in such a way as to point towards a separate peace; if, for example, any powerful body of English opinion echoed Mr. Philip Snowden's refrain, "Why should England fight on that Russia may get Constantinople?" or any corresponding force in Russia took up the cry, "Why should Russia fight on that England may get rid of the menace of the German Navy?" then at a given moment (and in the end it would come suddenly) we might find the whole Alliance collapsing like a pack of cards, and a terrible *saute-qui-peut* of the Allies, each trying to fix up in advance its particularist bargain with victorious Germany and scrambling at almost any cost to avoid being left at the last out in the cold to face her exactions alone. Anyone who has read the history of large and mixed Alliances—the coalitions against Napoleon, for example, or those against Louis XIV—will appreciate how real this danger is. In the Press-swayed modern world it is probably greater than ever before.

The point has some bearing on the argument that if the Allies will not listen to Germany's terms, they ought at any rate to state their own. If this means that they should state them in general formulas, as has already been done, we entirely agree. But if it means that the Allied Governments should forthwith descend into details and specify just what each of them is to get, we cannot too emphatically dissent from it. A little reflection will show why. Here are ten sovereign States in alliance. Each of them has certain minimum terms which it regards as indispensable, and which we may assume that the whole Alliance is pledged to exact before it makes peace. Each has also certain

maximum terms, to some or all of which it may attach immense importance, but whose imposition must depend, frankly, on the course and result of the war, which is unlikely to realize all of them for all the Allies. Now, if we set out our detailed terms at the present juncture, we should be obliged to do one of two things—either to state everybody's maximum terms, or to state something less. If we did the first, we should, owing to the gulf between our terms and the "war-map," produce the worst possible impression on neutrals; and the enemy Governments would at the same time be greatly helped in the task of restoring their own people's resolution. If, on the other hand, we did the second, we should open a fatal door to dissension among ourselves. Every Allied people would draw bitter comparisons between what it was being debarred from claiming and what others were being allowed to claim. There is only one way out of this dilemma, and that is to refuse to be bluffed into premature statements. The business of our governments at this state is to confine themselves to general formulas and certain essential points of an outstanding character (*e.g.*, the evacuation of all Allied territory occupied by the enemy and the complete abandonment of all enemy claims over it). When they are in a position to believe that these formulas and points are genuinely conceded by the Germanic Powers, they may then descend into details, but not before. In advocating this reticence we refer, of course, to the utterances of our Governments, not to private discussion. Of the latter we might well have more, particularly in England, where there is still far too much popular ignorance regarding any issues east of Belgium and France. Very few Englishmen realize what the Berlin-to-Bagdad "Mittel-Europa"

scheme is, on which nearly the whole of Germany's immediate ambitions are now concentrated. Very few realize the world-ruling position which would naturally fall to such a mighty Empire in virtue of its population, its mineral resources, its self-sufficingness, and its unique strategic position on the world's map; or the fatal blow which would be dealt to German democracy (and ultimately to democracy the world over) through the impossibility of reconciling any democratization of Germany with her effective triumph over such vast problems of domination and organization. Fewer still appreciate how near the war at its present stage has brought Germany to its attainment, or how certainly even a *status quo* peace, if concluded now, would cause the various countries concerned to tumble like ripe fruit into her lap.

We shall only be playing Germany's game if we countenance the idea that any peace-offer from her, whatever its gist, automatically effects some sort of transformation in the war. Peace can be had at any moment in any war

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on the enemy's terms. An unsolicited statement of them has no value whatever apart from its contents. If it contained a sincere approximation towards the things for which our dead have shed their blood, well and good; if it does not, it would be the height of folly to appraise it at the enemy's valuation. Germany's motive in the affair is certainly not humanitarian, whatever else it is. All the circumstances point to her offering peace now, because she feels sure that, though the next three months of war may appear even to heighten her military prestige, the next six months must take from her all prospect of ever again getting so much. *Vice versa*, it is unlikely that at any later period we should get so little. Most of us have been scouting for a long time the idea of any hypothetical "premature peace." Now we seem to be up against it, not as a hypothesis, but as a definite proposition. There is nothing—to say the least—to be apologized for, if in such a situation we decide to stick to our guns.

THE TEMPTATION OF PEACE.

The trials of war inevitably beget a desire for peace, and peace is so fair a thing in herself, and so seductive in her moral garb, that it seems almost blasphemy to suggest that peace hath her temptations no less insidious than war. A tale of sacrifice ever growing in length, a hope of victory deferred again and again, the delusion that the objects for which we entered upon war are already within our grasp, and the contention that the further prosecution of hostilities is merely for revenge make an appeal to public sentiment which can hardly be ignored; and Cabinet Ministers are being diverted from urgent tasks of admini-

stration to an oratorical campaign which should be a work of supererogation, at least so far as they are concerned. It is for them to strengthen the arm which wields the sword; and if the pen be mightier than the sword, it is pen that must parry pen.

The morality of peace is the strongest weapon of the pacifist, and there is no assumption more common or more confident in that school of thought than that the conscientious objector is the superman of pure reason and a paragon of virtue; if all men reasoned as they do there would be no war, and the prevalence of war is due to animal instinct and low rationality.

That, no doubt, is true as an abstract proposition, and it is not a mere coincidence that the intellectual protagonist of pacifism in England is an expert in the field of mathematical abstraction. The more human and practical problems of peace and war arise from the absence of that universal reason and from the active presence of potentates, philosophers, and people who believe in the gospel of war and deny, by precept and practice, the premises of the pacifist. Shrewd men, even lawyers when divested of wig and gown, have maintained that it is wise to suffer almost any wrong rather than go to law for right. But the most ethical pacifist is constrained to plead when an action is brought against him; even he cannot let his character and his belongings go by default before a litigious attack; and it appears to be illogical and no more moral to refuse to defend a suit in the arbitrament of war. The doctrine of the absolute sanctity of human life might perhaps be pressed into the service of a distinction between litigation and war, and the commandment to do no murder has been interpreted as an injunction not to save others if our own lives are endangered in the effort. But most advocates of peace at any price shrink from these moral conclusions, and one of them has admitted that we were right in resisting the Spanish Armada. In point of fact that Armada was only dispatched because we had been attacking Philip's dominions and assisting his rebellious subjects in the Netherlands; and the modern pacifist position appears to be that the Belgians were justified in opposing a hopeless resistance to Germany but we were not justified in attempting to make that resistance successful.

The admission of any justification for war is, however, a weak-kneed concession from the point of view of the

logical pacifist—that is to say, if he is really the superman he pretends to be. Many artists, we are told, have remained wholly untouched by the passion of the war because their creative instinct renders them immune from the impulses which make for war and death, "and the few men in whom the scientific impulse is dominant have noticed the rival myths of warring groups, and have been led through understanding to neutrality." It is with the morals of pacifism that we are concerned; and it has often been remarked that art is neither moral nor immoral; it is non-moral. The self-concentration of the artist is a poor guide for the community of man; and it was to degenerate Cynics that opposition is said to have been provoked by their overweening display of superiority. Neutrality may also be reached by easier paths than by following scientific impulse. There is the broad highway of moral cowardice and intellectual indolence. If we want to shirk a decision between right and wrong and to avoid the sacrifice involved in assisting the one and repressing the other, the readiest and the meanest expedient is to proclaim that it is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, and that the war is a conflict of rival myths. Neutrality is for the most part a threadbare cloak for individual or national selfishness; and the assertion of the immorality of the war is often but a plea to be excused the moral obligation of participating in the strife of good and evil.

More colorable is the appeal to the sacrifice involved in the prosecution of the suit, and no one can be indifferent to that claim. Nevertheless, it is not an appeal to morality. The moral and spiritual progress of mankind has only been bought by sacrifice, and he is more blessed who gives than he who receives. To dilate on the sacrifice with the object of showing or suggest-

ing that moral gain is not worth pain is the work of the Tempter and not a sign of moral superiority. A nation's capacity for sacrifice in moral causes is the test of its morality. The pacifist, to do him justice, is less sceptical of the morality of our motives than many fervent advocates of war; but he thinks they might have been attained by other methods, and as a variation on this theme he now urges that they have been brought within our reach by our success upon the Somme. It is here that political ineptitude comes to the aid of moral obtuseness. We could make, we are told, this winter "a peace which would secure the objects for which the British people entered the war; which would secure the complete evacuation of Belgium, France, and Serbia; which would go a long way towards establishing the principle of nationality; which would defeat all the plans of aggression and domination put forward by the Prussian militarists; which would lay the foundations of a permanent partnership for the settlement of international disputes." The least fanciful of these exercises of the imagination is perhaps the assumption that the Germans would purchase peace by the evacuation of Belgium, France, and Serbia; but could there be a greater illusion than that this evacuation would secure the objects for which the British people entered the war? Before the war broke out the German Ambassador in London assured Viscount Grey that Austria would take no Serbian territory, to which Viscount Grey very naturally replied that it was easy to reduce a State to vassalage without absorbing its territory; and the moderate Germans, who profess to be willing, for the sake of peace, to evacuate Belgium, stipulate for "material guarantees" that Belgium shall not be used as a means for invading Germany. Inasmuch as Germany used

the guaranteed neutrality of Belgium as a means of invading France, it is not difficult to foresee the interpretation she would put upon the material guarantees for her own protection in Belgium.

But the objects for which the British people entered the war have been defined, once and for all, by Mr. Asquith. He said we should never sheathe the sword—not until Belgium was evacuated but—"until Belgium recovers in full measure all and more than all that she has sacrificed." Literally, that pledge is not capable of fulfilment. Belgium can never recover the precious lives of which the German invader despoiled her, and Louvain and Ypres can never be what they were before the war. But there is still a world of difference between evacuation and the atonement the Kaiser will have to make with a heart that will bleed for other things than Louvain. How would mere evacuation repay the hundreds of millions of which Belgium has been robbed during German occupation, the military executions and atrocities, and the slavery inflicted on the people? Nor is justice satisfied by the restitution of stolen property or the resuscitation of the victim of a murderous attack. It was a rudimentary advance in our primitive jurisprudence when the murderer was required to pay not merely the "wer" or price of the man he killed, but the "wite" or fine for his offense against the conscience of the community. Our ethical pacifists have not yet reached that primitive stage of moral development. They talk of peace and reconciliation without a thought of atonement; in the name of ethics they denounce all justice as revenge, and in that of progress plead for the *status quo ante bellum* which would leave open the door for a repetition of the crime. The people that hailed with delight the sinking

of the *Lusitania*, and hate Belgium because of the wrong they have done her, must not have to endure the humiliation of restraint from future crime.

The object of justice is not mere retribution, but prevention; and the criminal is sentenced not that he may suffer, but that others may be saved. We entered this war not merely for German retribution, still less to secure the evacuation of Belgium, but for an example to posterity, for the protection of future Naboths and a warning to the Ahabs yet to be. That warning and that protection would be rendered of none effect by compounding the felony and crying quits with the felon; and we are not impressed by the pacifism of the schoolboy who makes an attack on his fellow and then, finding himself in difficulties, begins to cry *pax*. The greater the effort required to vindicate humanity, the more determined are we that it shall not need repetition; and the more who fall in the fight, the stronger their claim that they shall not have died in vain. The only victory commensurate with the cost of this war will be a victory over war itself; and unless humanity masters war, war will master humanity. But death was not conquered by "the impulses which make for life," and war was not exorcised by the pacifist's plea. The fight for right would be an easy matter if the righteous had the choice of weapons; but in war the aggressor selects both the time and the means of attack. The victim has, however, only himself to thank if, when he can, he fails to disarm his enemy and agrees to a truce because his opponent has had enough. The aggressor has always had enough when he is reduced to the defensive; it is then that he thinks of liberty and begins to talk of the claims of humanity. He will also endeavor to prove that he only struck first to parry a blow, but his motive

will be a desire to retain his weapons for future action.

The German Government has been preparing this line of defense ever since the failure of its original offensive on the Marne, and the implications of its argument have escaped those who look for a Prussian repentance. If the Entente was the aggressor, and if peace is procured by the mere evacuation of conquered territory, then these conquests will have been defensive in character, and Germany will have been saved from disaster by the strong right arm of Prussian militarism. The moral that will be impressed on the German people is to lengthen and strengthen that arm, to give yet more weight to the counsels of war, to pile to a still greater height the mountain of munitions and armaments, to pay less regard than ever to scraps of paper, and to strain every nerve to prepare for the final triumph which eluded the Prussian grasp in this war. If the war was a German defensive, a peace that protects German territory from invasion will be a positive triumph for Prussian militarism. Not by such means will Europe be rid of the menace of blood and iron.

Nor is there better foundation for that evidence, "derived from a careful study of German opinion," upon which are based the hopes of a pacifist German Government; and those who are disposed to rely upon such manifestations would do well to ponder some remarks made by Dr. Walther Rathenau, who has just been appealing to American public opinion, to a French interviewer in 1913:—

Many of the elements in your social and moral life [he said] escape us. For instance, we are not, as you are, in the habit of reckoning with public opinion. With us it does not count for anything. Opinion has never had any effect on policy. It resembles rather the chorus of antiquity which looks on and com-

ments on an action unfolding around it. I should compare it to a crowd which follows, but is not admitted to the game.

Expressions of German opinion are therefore worthless as guarantees for the conduct of German Governments, and we have Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's admission that treaties are not more binding. Prussia's repentance for the evil she has done will begin only when her power to do more has ceased; and Mr. Asquith's definition of our objects in the war is really redundant, for the restitution to Belgium, the securing of France from the menace of aggression, and the placing of the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe upon an unassailable foundation are all dependent upon the complete and final destruction of the military domination of Prussia. To represent the evacuation of Belgium, France, and Serbia as equivalent to these objects is as pitiful a perversion of the truth as the pretense that the censorship and the Defense of the Realm Acts are suppressing public opinion. Neither has any control of the ballot-box, and yet it is pacifist prudence rather than pacifist principle that has prevented the pacifists from fighting by-elections since the war began, and only the prolongation of Parliament enables the members of the party to pose as popular representatives.

The pacifist is not, indeed, the most
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dangerous enemy to the peace which should end this war, and some ground for his and neutral apprehension of a crushing Entente triumph is provided by those who would compromise our cause by converting the fruits of the nation's sacrifice to money-making ends. If we refuse to make peace with Miss Cavell's murderers, with the slave-drivers of Belgium, and with the perpetrators and accomplices of the Armenian massacres, it is not to make peace for the profit of British monopolists. Even the Pharisees held it unlawful to pay into the treasury the price of blood, and the money-changers in our temple will not persuade us to defile British tombstones in France with epitaphs couched in terms of high finance. Whatever the impulse of those who hallow that ground, they have not died to line our pockets with pelf; and the terms of the peace we make will be the epitaph we shall write on the graves of the martyrs of war. Nor, when the fighting is over, shall we think it possible to construct a permanent peace out of the passions of war. The profiteer who seeks for tribute in retribution and the pacifist who sees nothing in justice but revenge are our rival tempters from the paths that make for peace and judgment. It is for us to beware that in that judgment we do not condemn ourselves and that by that peace we do not sentence our children to war.

THE BALANCE-SHEET OF THE WAR.

The proposal of the enemy Powers to enter into peace negotiations marks an important era in the war, and we shall do well to review the situation calmly. There is no reason why we should be disturbed by the terms in which it is made, and it is equally

unnecessary to be unduly elated. The Germans are not the victorious people the Chancellor suggests; but we make a great mistake if we read into the situation the confession of absolute defeat. Some of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's statements are greatly ex-

aggregated and deeply colored with rhetoric. We are told that the Western front "is equipped with larger reserves of men and material than had formerly been the case," that "more efficient precautions have been taken against all Italian diversions," and that Western Wallachia has been captured. Hindenburg's unparalleled genius "has made possible things which were hitherto considered impossible." Dismissing these self-glorifications as the normal currency of a popular assembly, let us see how the war stands.

It is clear that on the theory of an aggressive war by the enemy he has not won; and it is equally clear that on the theory of an aggressive war by the Allies we have not won. There can be no question as to these two propositions, though there is plenty of scope for difference as to the true interpretation of the situation. Sir William Robertson said, the other day, that it was frequently held to be impossible to overtake an initial disadvantage in war, and General Joffre made the same point immediately before the war, in an address to cadets. It is this point that conditions the situation today. Without raising the question as to the responsibility for the war, we may say, without fear of challenge, that Germany and her partner were vastly better prepared for battle than the Allies. Therefore, the initial problem in August, 1914, was to prevent Germany securing a prompt decision. In this the Allies were successful. But the set of power has been largely conditioned by that first rapid rush into France. Germany had failed in her plan; but, admitting the unpalatable truth, she set out to secure a decision on the other front. Failing there, too, she decided to develop the defensive, seeing in it a means of economizing her force. That is the secret of the success of the Roumanian

offensive, and it may hold another partial offensive on some other sector of the field of war. An allied assault has to be made against defensive lines so marvelously elaborated that a considerable superiority in effective force produces only a relatively small success. We are not disposed to overlook the fact that the Somme offensive has inflicted huge losses on the enemy; but we have to bear in mind that what would have been productive of obvious and undeniable successes in open warfare, is here fated—until the final critical tension arrives—to look barren and to yield an immediate effect only by way of attrition, numerical, material, and moral.

So much we may put to the debit side of the balance-sheet. The credit side is fundamentally conditioned by the same principle of the difficulty in overtaking an initial disadvantage. On land comparatively unprepared, at sea the Allies were undeniably ready. Mahan made no claim for sea power that has not been more than justified. We have captured all the German colonies except a small part of one, and we hold them in a grip which cannot possibly be weakened. This is not an unconsidered trifle in the balance-sheet, and it must not be ignored. But we have won other victories. A supreme Navy puts us virtually in occupation of the enemy markets. We have shut down his factories. We hold a lien even on his munition works. His internal markets and stores are swept almost bare. His external trade exists no longer. The very perfection in the organization and magnification of his military machine makes the incidence of our sea power more critical. His lands cannot be made to give anything like their normal yield when he has taken the labor for his field armies and their munitionment. In this way he is fast proving that conscription

reduces war to a logical absurdity. He requires the men in the field; he requires them for tillage; he requires them for his industrial position. If the world were pouring supplies into his ports he might make shift some way. But since the seas are policed by the Allied Navies, he is left in the dilemma: either the men go to the field armies, in which case they are lost to production, or they go to production, and his military fabric gives way.

Our blow at his military position and our potential influence on it are more serious than his at the incidence of our sea power. Serious as his submarine inroads have been on our mercantile marine, we have to remember that the whole world is suffering from a rise in prices. In face of this, his raids on our transport loom less large. And were they as great as he wishes they were, they would not suffice to feed a single hungry mouth in Germany. We have every reason to know that the blockade, assisted by the inevitable implications of conscription, is causing serious want in the enemy countries; and winter is only beginning. The German "victory" off Jutland Bank has not opened a port, and has no chance of opening a port. Our command of the sea for offensive purposes and all the larger aims of naval power is unchallenged, and well-nigh unchallengeable. It is noticeable that in his message to the navy the Kaiser drops all pretense at victorious encounters, and merely men-

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tions that it has fought "loyally" and "staked all its strength."

If it is easy to make out the items of the balance-sheet, it is far from easy to cast it up. The most critical influence of our sea power cannot be seen by the world, whereas his military position looks imposing. We know of the want in Germany and Austria-Hungary, but we cannot give it a determined value. We hear of food riots, of a rising infantile death-rate, of barbarous deportations to secure an addition to Germany's labor power. We see imposing casualty lists; but we have reason to judge that the real casualties are very much higher. We know our own burdens and the sacrifices the war entails, and we tend to underestimate his. But on a careful survey of the case on all sides we have ground for holding that our position is superior to that of the enemy. Our resources are still much greater than his; and in the field we have repeatedly vanquished his most famous troops. Yet we have to remember that he is not beaten. Unity of command is his, and firmness of will, and they are great assets. On our side we have to write off something of our force through the disadvantage of divided command and indecision. Yet, in spite of all his boasts, he knows that he has lost his aggressive aim; while we realize that we have not won ours. These, we are persuaded, are the material facts with which our diplomatists and his have to reckon.

AN AMERICAN OPINION OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

BY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.

Many inspiring and even emotional things have been written and have found their way into the newspapers of the United States as to the superb sacrifice and devotion to national

duty on the part of the men of England's aristocracy. To those Americans who are proud of the fact that they are Anglo-Saxons, the fine patriotism which has been awakened by this

war in the hearts of all the men who bear names that gleam in the pages of history has been a matter of, in a sense, personal satisfaction. It has been to us something of which we could boast to the conglomerate citizens of this huge melting-pot of a country who have fallen into the habit of speaking of "damn-fool Englishmen," and who have formed their opinions of the Britisher from those of them who have passed through on their way to Canada—the country upon which the waster has been dumped. We have read everything on which we could lay hands that gave accounts, however meagre, either in the shape of war-correspondents' dispatches or letters from the trenches or in the chapters of such admirable books as those of Mr. Boyd Cable, of the rare courage and high spirits, the reckless daring, the indescribable democratic spirit which has blossomed to the glory of England among the flower of her manhood, old and young. These things have thrilled us, opened our purses, given us intense personal concern in the daily fighting and made us feel assured that the outcome of the war can only go one way. They have also, be it remembered, carried many of us into the trenches or Red Cross ambulances and have called upon us to invest our savings with a feeling of perfect security in British war loans.

It is when we pick up the more frivolous type of English weekly illustrated journals, read through the flippant, silly stuff written by lady journalists, and look at the half-naked photographs of women who bear the names of the men to whom we take off our hats, that we find it difficult to believe that there is the same blood in their veins, and wish that there were someone in the Censor's Department with sufficient sympathy for Anglo-Saxons in this country and others to prevent these journals from finding

their way into the mail-bags. Surely these women who compete so feverishly and brazenly with actresses, whose alarming pictures can be so easily mistaken for those of the careless members of revue choruses, misrepresent the families to which they belong? At any rate, it seems apparent to us that they have no respect for those of their men who are adding new honors to already honored names.

Thus advertised with monotonous shamelessness, they manage to convey the impression over here that English society, so far as its women go, is on the verge of degeneracy, and the scribblings, cheap, flippant, and mostly illiterate, of the commentators of their doings add weekly to this belief. In no other papers printed in English would such glorification of the departure of virtue and dignity and good taste be permitted to appear. Truly these outpourings startle us as well as distress and disturb. Are they the mere fabrications of little, ill-paid journalists trying to imitate the colloquialism of the people whom they only gaze at from the area railings, or are they indeed what they purport to be and do they reflect the present spirit of London society? At any rate, they give an appalling and a very nasty series of pictures in which we see women who bear honored names rubbing shoulders at dubious restaurants with the riff-raff of stageland and worse.

Has the war, then, failed to show these particular people the reason why Europe is in a blaze? Has carelessness become so fixed a habit with them that they can still play at Babylon within sound of guns? The whole thing puzzles us and fills us with a kind of nausea. The plea that it is necessary to "keep bright" put forward by the little numerous journalistic parasites who live by their weekly comments on the orgies of these very

un-English ladies holds no water. The women of France do not conceive it to be their duty to break down all the barriers of good form under the stress of a national crisis, nor do they seize the opportunity of being grass and actual widows to appear half-naked in tableaux, in amateur theatricals, or at supper clubs. It is a pity that the officer who has been appointed to go round and see that young lieutenants on leave from the trenches behave themselves in public places is not accompanied by an official lady who shall do the same thing by those of their sisters and mothers and aunts and cousins who seem to be utterly lost to all sense of dignity and decency.

The Americans who have been living in London since the war broke out return very puzzled. They are unable to understand how it is that in the midst of the general self-sacrifice and the amazing effort that has been made by all classes of women to back up the ding-dong work of the men of England, the salacious set of smart people is permitted to continue its gambols. They are not surprised at the general impression that has gained ground over here that London society is degenerate and very much like that of Paris before the Revolution. Further, they all agree with the protest which was made by General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien as to the London theatres, or those of them which produce revues. They are not prudes, nor have they the prurien

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minds which belong to the Anti-Vice Brigade. They confess however that the sort of nakedness which seems to be the be-all and end-all of these London revues is so obviously resorted to for the purpose of extracting the hard-earned pay from soldiers on leave as to demand the attention of a Censor. To them there is something quite hideous in this mercenary descent, this general lowering of standards at a time when all Europe is in the throes of a death struggle. To them there is also something peculiarly insulting to the young British soldiers who are thus supposed by the providers of these revues to want nothing but vulgarity, noise, and nakedness when they visit London for a few days or hours from their various Fronts. In fact, they are obsessed with the idea that there must be something very wrong in the state of London which permits the authorities to allow the revueing theatres and the so-called smart set to convey the impression broadcast that there is degeneracy rampant in the British capital at such a time. It is not fair to the great majority of Britishers who are straining every nerve beyond description, and it is not fair to Anglo-Saxons in other countries, who shudder when they read the offensive illiterate drivel which appears every week in the English illustrated papers and watch the manner in which they give themselves up to methods of top-shelf publications.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

No more delightful glimpse of Robert Louis Stevenson has been given the world during these late years than that contained in "The Penny Piper of Saranac" by Stephen

Chalmers. R. L. S. used a tooting whistle during the year he spent in a tiny cottage at Lake Saranac, recovering from the effects of an attack of tuberculosis, squabbling and making-

up with the good Dr. Trudeau like any coquettish girl. There was ever a deal of the piquant feminine in R. L. S. The writer is a sort-of-an-echo-of-Boswell for he collects from different people a circle of little anecdotes, less gruff than those of Johnson but not less pungent, and—when he's whetted the reader's appetite up to the ravenous point—he stops. He could find no more. What he did find are whimsical and illuminating. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mr. Gilbert H. Trafton describes his volume on "Bird Friends" (Houghton Mifflin Company) as "a complete bird-book for Americans," and the book justifies the description, for it is broad in its scope and brings together the results of long and affectionate study. In the first part, Mr. Trafton treats first of the æsthetic value of birds as a subject of study, and their economic value as destroyers of insect and rodent pests and weed seeds; and writes of bird migrations, bird music, bird homes and home life, the color and plumage of birds and how they may be recognized. Then follow chapters on the enemies of birds, on bird-protection, on ways of attracting birds, and on bird-study in schools. There are more than fifty full page illustrations, some in colors, and many from photographs by the author. Altogether, the book makes a strong appeal to bird lovers and is calculated to extend the already wide appreciation of the value and beauty of birds.

Three books which come simultaneously from the press of D. Appleton and Company will make a strong appeal to boy readers. In "The Trail of the Mohawk Chief," Everett T. Tomlinson, long a favorite with young people, tells the story of Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea) a brave and formidable indian chief, who made life a burden to the white pioneers in the

Mohawk Valley in the latter part of the eighteenth century. After his wont, Mr. Tomlinson bases his story upon established historic incidents, but gives it all the charm of fiction. Four illustrations in color by Walt Louderback depict the most stirring scenes. In "Israel Putnam," Louise S. Hasbrouck sketches rapidly and vividly the career of one of the bravest of American patriots. It is well that the young people of today should be given some adequate idea of the sufferings and hardships of their ancestors; and they will find this story of the career of "Old Put," which is outlined from his boyhood to old age, a good deal more attractive than many a young-people's book of pure fiction, and far more worth while. There are eight full-page illustrations. "The Norfolk Boy Scouts" by Marshall Jenkins is a thoroughly up-to-date story, which tells how a patrol of boy scouts did the Sherlock-Holmes act in tracing a boy who had run away. The author has the advantage of knowing boys well, and he is an expert in boy slang. He carries his group of boys through a succession of stirring but not impossible adventures and rescues two of them, at last, from a burning factory. There is plenty of incident, and a flavor of humor; and there are four illustrations in color by the same artist who decorates "The Trail of the Mohawk Chief."

The effect of any educational experiment upon the physical and spiritual character of a human being is always an interesting study, and when it is carried further and the effect upon sex relationship is considered, it becomes absorbingly interesting. Such a study is "Paradise Garden," in which Mr. George Gibbs has succeeded admirably in gaining a sustained romantic idealism, the new note in fiction, in which religion, the religion of Christ, is

incorporated as a simple, everyday working principle. The young man for whom a special educational plan is made, and to whom a special individual care is given, makes many mistakes through ignorance of things that experience alone can teach, but these mistakes do not compare with the fatal errors of those who have been trained in the world's school of artificiality. The climax of the story is strong and quite unusual. "Paradise Garden" is well worth reading. D. Appleton and Company.

Frederick Palmer has written another book about the war, a novel entitled "The Old Blood." Philip Sanford, the only son of the American branch of a family whose sons had fought in England's wars for many generations, and whose immediate American ancestors had been no less valorous in securing America's independence, goes to England on a visit during the summer of 1914. At the home of his English kinsfolk Sanford meets two girl cousins who had an English mother and a French father. One of the girls is very beautiful and the other very plain but their voices are almost identical. Philip fancies himself in love with the beautiful cousin and the first of August, 1914, finds him visiting the château of these French cousins in their own country. This château was situated in the path of the German army's advance on Paris and its subsequent retreat. What Philip sees and suffers during the advance and retreat makes him determined to serve in the English army. The plain cousin has been making a reputation drawing war cartoons and goes to the front as a regular nurse; the beautiful cousin goes as a nurse also, but with a number of English society women who establish an independent branch which looks after the welfare of English officers considered socially

worth while. The most powerful and moving part of the story centers about Philip's horrible disfigurement by a wound and the miracles of surgery which restored him. What might be called the romance of modern surgery is the chief concern of the book, and although the first chapters are interesting they sink into insignificance compared with the vital ones which close the story. There is, of course, a love story of unusual interest, and the war brings out the real characters of the two cousins who were so amazingly unlike and so amazingly alike at the same time. "The Old Blood" is worthy of the author's other books on the war and should be just as popular. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Slackness and thriftlessness are the great faults of the present generation of English speaking people, and it is the Russians, the Germans, and the Poles that are teaching the opposite virtues. Who ever would have dreamed that New England would need such lessons? And yet this is what Edith Miniter's "Our Natupski Neighbors" teaches so plainly that he who runs may read. "Our Natupski Neighbors" is the life history, and a most interesting one, of a young Polish man and his wife who emigrate to America, buy a worn-out New England farm and by sheer grit and self-denial pay off the mortgage, turn barren fields into fertile ones, and a losing proposition into a paying one. The Natupskis have a large family, and the varying effects of American ideals upon its different members and the lessons in cleanliness and kindness that Americans teach foreigners in exchange for what the foreigners teach them are strongly portrayed. Miss Miniter evidently knows her subject and her characterization of the mental workings of Natupski and his wife is a remarkable study. Henry Holt & Co.